THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

VOLUME IX.] NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1874. [NUMBER 9.

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The Outlook.

No reader of the March *Atlantic* will be likely to pass over with inattention Mr. Howells's tender and graceful sketch of poor Ralph Keeler, whose still unexplained death leaves to the imagination too wide and fatal a freedom for depicting the possible manner of it. There was in Ralph Keeler's career, and in its reactions upon his own character, just enough of incongruity to lift him out of the common-place into the exceptional; and the pen which Mr. Howells holds finds the employment it always likes in tracing the unique forms and the delicately blending tints of this new personality. For instance, Keeler's strange experience of three years as a negro minstrel enabled him to write the one book of his which has any chance of being permanent; but it likewise ran forward into his life as an impediment to his culture and a vitiating influence upon his style. He never quite released himself, Mr. Howells thinks, from those early lessons as an expert in the original American drama; "something of the End Man clung about him still, and tempted him into a flourishing expression, when he easily saw himself that a simpler expression would have been better." And as to his character, though it was not perfect, it had the qualities which in better adjustment go to form the highest. He was friendly, helpful, sensitive, and bore gaily the buffetings of life, and kept steadily on about his business. We heartily repeat Mr. Howells' benediction, which indeed is quite apostolic: Peace to his most kindly spirit.

Mr. Disraeli, in one of his recent harangues to his constituents, had a very witty and sarcastic passage upon Mr. Robert Lowe, whom he covered with ridicule by calling him "a Professor." In order to prepare the way for this bit of obloquy, the speaker very adroitly introduced an anecdote of Bismarck, who, many years ago, told Disraeli that his first object in German politics was "to get rid of the Professors." If we may suppose that, in relating this anecdote, Mr. Disraeli was speaking, not as a novelist, but as a veracious historian, and that Bismarck actually made any such remark, then one is prompted to ask why Bismarck wanted to rid German politics of the influence of the Professors. The answer which Disraeli furnishes us is found in his definition of a Professor, as a man who has no heart, and is proud that he has none; who has no sympathy with the people; who is cold-blooded, haughty, and undemocratic. There is, however, one slight objection to this definition: it has not a particle of truth in it. Mr. Disraeli cut this definition out of whole cloth as a coat of political ridicule to fit Mr. Lowe, and it fits him very well. But, in doing partisan justice to Mr. Lowe, the speaker does historical injustice to truth and to the noble-minded and self-sacrificing class of men whose beneficent service in the world he thus ignores and whose title he thus holds up to contempt. Mr. Lowe, we are inclined to think, is very much what Mr. Disraeli describes him, without heart, with no regard for the people, disdainful and repulsive. But he happens also to be a great scholar, and this constitutes his one trait of resemblance to a Professor. But this is enough for a political satirist and juggler like Mr. Disraeli; and with characteristic cunning he implies the sophism, that because Mr. Lowe is like a Professor in the item of scholarship a Professor must be also like Mr. Lowe in the items of heartlessness, haughtiness, and undemocratic opinions. As an issue between Disraeli and Lowe, we have no interest in it: but as an issue between Disraeli and the men whose character he would drag into the mud of his parlimentary quarrels, all honest persons have an interest in it, and a wrong to avenge. What is a Professor? That is but a specific word by which to describe the more learned and mature class of teachers. The Professor is nothing else than the teacher at his full growth; and his character may be best stated by simply reversing the terms of Mr. Disraeli's definition. He is a scholar, with a warm and gentle heart, ingenuous, simple in manners, of unselfish life, pursuing ideal excellence, not familiar with mercenary ways, in sympathy with good men, whether high or low, and inclined to exact of society an obedience to lofty and theoretic standards. His faults are apt to be those of an idealist; but they are in the main noble faults. He is also in danger of pedantry; and when he applies theory to practice, whether in politics or morals, he too often has the infirmity of a mere *doctrinaire*. But in all ages, ancient and modern, Professors have generally been philanthropists, and political Liberals; in Germany, their zeal for the people, their enthusiasm for an ideal democracy, and their statesmanly perception of the need of popular education, have made them republican revolutionists and soldiers, the noble political inspirers of young men, and the true creators of modern German greatness. And it was precisely these men—these lovers of popular rights, these teachers of democratic doctrines—that Bismarck referred to in his conversation with Disraeli; for at the time of that conversation Bismarck was not a Liberal, as now, but the colossus of Toryism in Germany, as he continued to be down to 1866. When he talked with Disraeli, it was a German Tory talking to an English one; and in saying that he was going back to Germany to get rid of the political influence of Professors, he meant that their influence was in German politics the great hindrance to Toryism.

In the dreary days of the war, when often our hearts were bursting with impatience at the slowness and paucity of our accomplishments, there was fastened upon the Secretary of the Navy the nickname of Rip Van Winkle. It would tax the most genial ingenuity to find in that title even the nucleus of a compliment, and yet, doubtless it was virtually a tribute to the Secretary's flowing oriental beard, and to his look of unperturbed oriental repose. We understand some things better now than we did then, and we know, among other things, that Secretary Welles was by no means asleep when many people thought that he looked so. However that may be, we fancy that the country is convinced that he has several times been wide awake since the war, and that in his articles in the *Galaxy* he has shown a power of analysis, a grasp of principles, an intense sympathy with the nobilities of character, and a faculty of strong and interesting expression, for which few of his countrymen were prepared. We are glad to know that he has pledged himself to a service that is of importance both literary and political. He has undertaken to expand the articles he has already written, and to add to them others, and thus to make a book of his personal recollections of the great administration of Abraham Lincoln and of the already historic characters who figured in it.

There rains upon us just now a shower of college catalogues, the mere list of which would take more room than we can spare. We select for present mention two which happen to come together, and which in the popular thought are likewise associated. The stand taken by Cornell and Michigan Universities for the higher education of women is an incident which brings their names into endearing mention at many a fireside where otherwise they would not have been spoken at all, and which creates a species of popular demand for an occasional report of progress concerning them. In members, they both hold their own, Michigan having a total of 1,105, and Cornell a total of 496. But Michigan has the majority of its students, 628, in the departments of Law and Medicine, departments not yet established at Cornell. Limiting the comparison to the departments existing in both, Cornell is found to exceed Michigan by eight. It is interesting, likewise, to notice that Michigan, though it suffers under the calamity of being a fresh water college, has obtained something like a cosmopolitan reputation; for its lists represent the four corners of the earth and the isles of the sea. Even New York sends 82 students; each of the New England States sends several students; and there are students from Texas, Idaho, Utah, California, from the Canadian Ontario and New Brunswick, from the Hawaiian Islands, from South Africa and Japan. From both Universities the indications for woman's share in their privileges is most favorable; and while various sorts of crotchety and hysterical folk are demonstrating in words the disastrous consequences of co-education, these universities are demonstrating in experience that co-education is a system not only harmless, but particularly helpful and good.

CALM UNDER TUMULT.

BY PAUL HAYNE.

CLEAR, large, benignant, gleams yon twilight star,—
The courtier clouds that robed the setting sun
Are lost in deepening ether, one by one,
Till all the heavens are stainless! faint and far
I hear low thunders of the infinite sea,—
The Titan sighs that heave broad ocean's breast;
And yet that billowy burden speaks of rest,
The conquering calmness of Eternity!
Methinks at this strange hour, when Nature pours
Through wave and forest mystic strains sublime,
My soul grows silent, worships, and adores;—
I feel the sordid habitudes of Time
Fall from me, like worn vestments scathed by fire,
All grosser instincts pass, all meaner moods expire!

"THE JOY OF DELIGHTING."

BY H. H.

THIS good phrase is Theodore Parker's. The good thing which it means is the great joy of life. The world is apt to be very unjust to those who seek this joy consciously or unconsciously. The world does not discriminate, and gives harsh and crude names to qualities it but imperfectly comprehends. "He is vain of his gifts;" "his love of approbation amounts to a passion;" "he seeks notoriety;" "he is selfishly anxious to please;"—all these, and harsher things, cynical people say of the man who loves "the joy of delighting." Even while they sun themselves in his presence, listen to his words, profit widely by his sympathetic help, they cannot stifle their distrust of his motives. But joy is joy, in and unto itself, forever; and the man who habitually delights his fellow-men, who habitually tries to delight his fellow-men, will find joy surrounding him like a great light, pervading his every sense like a pure air, and stimulating his every faculty like strong blood.

"The joy of delighting" is a thing quite apart from philanthropics, so called; it is quite apart even from the idea of benefiting one's fellows. Is it therefore selfish? Not of necessity. Is it therefore of little value? By no means. The "life is more than meat."

To him who loves and seeks this joy, rudeness, unkindness of word or act, will be impossible. That disagreeable species of doing good known as plain speaking of needed truths will be difficult; agreeable traits will be noticed and commented on, and disagreeable ones will not be mentioned. He will not hesitate to speak or to repeat words of praise. If his fellows take the praise for mere flattery, and him for a mere flatterer, so much the worse for them—none the worse for him.

The lover of the "joy of delighting" will seek to create beauty and grace in his own person, in all his surroundings. No smallest thing will be beneath his attention; his clothes, his house, his appointments of all sorts, shall, in so far as his means and his station in life allow, give pleasure to all eyes. Also, he will seek to provide beauty and grace for the lives of others. Very small gifts it may be—a ribbon, a photograph, a bunch of violets; very costly gifts it may be, if the Lord has blessed him in his store—velvets and jewels for woman's wear, pictures of great artists, sunny glass-walled houses full of exotics; but the few violets and the myriads of sweet exotics will be only different renderings of the same impulse, different notes of the same voice, "Let me give delight."

The lover of the "joy of delighting" will be friendly of mien and word to all men. He will smile when he speaks. He will smile when he need not speak. He will look with almost a smile into the eyes even of strangers, so overflowing will be his impulse. "She is just living sunshine" was said once of a woman who had a great love of this great joy of which I speak. When she crossed the threshold of a room her simple smile spread as a beam of light spreads when shutters are thrown open. Her "good morning" at the breakfast table was a second beginning of the day to every one there. Yet there were those who could see in the smile, in the "good morning," only a desire to win a return of admiration or love. There are people who are organically unable to understand the possibility of an instinctive impulse to give pleasure without any thought of a return or a reward. Such souls must find many puzzling things, if they apply their evil rule of interpretation to nature.

I said that the love of "the joy of delighting" was a thing apart from philanthropics, so called. I did not mean that it was less than a philanthropy. It might not be an ill-considered thing to say that it is greater than philanthropics. The help of it, the comfort of it, the blessing of it, in this world, no man can rightly reckon. Who has not seen sorrows through which smiles have stayed his soul, where all the red wine of France would have left him still fainting? Who, if he must choose between the joys of gracious, kindly, and sympathizing treatment from his fellow-men, and the

daily receipt of bread, and meat, and money at their hands, would not say, "Let me live ill-fed, and ill-sheltered, and poor, but give me love, and its words and looks."

And if we ask, reverently and lovingly, what are the joys which God knows, does not our every instinct make answer that "the joy of delighting" must be one, must be one of the very greatest? What else means this glorious and perpetual symphony of color in our skies? No doubt day could have had light for labor and growth, and night could have had darkness and quiet for rest, without any splendor, and beauty. What else does it mean that "on a thousand hills" grow all manner of bright blossoms, where the cattle feed? that the sea in its swiftness is like silver and gold and jewels under the keels of ships? Ah, not only "the earth is the Lord's," but "the fullness thereof"; and by "the fullness thereof" I take it that the holy man meant its wondrous adorning, the graciousness of its uses, the illimitable treasures of its secrets, beyond the mere visible needs of its inhabitants. Such a glory is there in this "fullness" that the occasional glimpses of it are dazzling. In rare moments—in the voiceless paean of a sunrise, in the voiceful silence of a sunset, in the unspeakable revelation of flowers blossoming in a wilderness, in the sudden fleeting note of a bird high up in the air—there comes even to the dullest souls such knowledge of their estate, such consciousness of its ultimate intent of rapture, that life becomes truly life, and ceases to be merely living.

Then is our Heavenly Father well pleased with us. Then do we, even we, perhaps the humblest of all his sons, minister to his joy, his omnipotent "joy of delighting."

DEFEAT.

BY S. P. LATHROP.

A THOUSAND times I would have hoped,
A thousand times protested;
But still, as through the night I groped,
My torch from me was wrested,
And wrested.

How often with a succoring cup
Unto the hurt I hasted:
The wounded died ere I came up;
My cup was still untasted,
Untasted.

Of darkness, wounds, and harsh disdain
Endured, I ne'er repented.
'Tis not of these I would complain:
With these I were contented,
Contented.

Here lies the misery, to feel
No work of love completed;
In prayerless passion still to kneel,
And mourn, and cry: "Defeated—
Defeated!"

NOW AND THEN.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

ON the evening of the twenty-fifth of January, in this year of our Lord, 1874, I had the pleasure of attending one of the grand balls of the Centennial Association, given at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. It was a joyous, magnificent, magical scene—that noblest of our opera-houses, rich in color, brilliant with a thousand lights, and swarming with richly dressed revelers, and smiling spectators. The boxes were filled, and all the galleries, to the very roof. The *parquet* floored over made the grandest of ball-rooms. The deep stage was like a vast conservatory, radiant with the rarest flowers, grouped about a fairy fountain playing *eau de Cologne*—the genuine Jean Farina. There were sweet shadowy spots, tender glooms of moss and ferns, lit up by innumerable Calla lilies—pure and white, like the soft flame of vestal lamps. Up among the taller flowers hung the cages of bright singing-birds—and, over all, swung from the beak of a mighty eagle, formed of white azaleas, a copy of the sacred old Liberty-Bell, done in white and red japonicas. There was delightful music, from full bands, and there were ravishing toilets—many of them direct from Paris—clouds of Point lace, pierced by star-gleams of diamonds; and when the round-dances were under way the great floor beneath us seemed one whirling, flashing vortex of color and splendor. While I gazed down upon it, half intoxicated with beauty, and music, and motion, there arose in my mind certain contrasting pictures of life, scenes of amusement, customs, costumes and manners, in Philadelphia, a hundred years ago. Some of these curious contrasts I will try to bring before the minds of my readers.

The spot on which stands the handsome but somewhat sombre Academy of Music was a hundred years ago still a portion of the "forest primeval," bearing the name of Center Woods, or the Governor's Woods. Here in the spring and summer time the frolicsome great-grandmothers of the belles of the Centennial Ball came to gather wild flowers and pick wild berries. Then balls and assemblies were held in the State House and in Carpenter's Hall, and in rooms on Water Street and Lodge Alley. John Watson, in his invaluable "Annals," tells of the wife of a Chief-Justice going to a ball in this same Lodge Alley, on horseback, in full dress.

At the Centennial there were pointed out to me, among the most royally attired women, the wives and daughters of successful mechanics and machinists. To the old City Dancing Assembly, established in 1749, and continuing till after the Revolution, no mechanic, or member of a mechanic's family, could be admitted. It is recorded that the fair daughter of one Squire Hillegras, having demeaned herself to marry a man of low degree—a rich goldsmith and jeweler of High Street—found the doors of the Assembly rooms sternly shut against her. When the Republic became an accomplished fact, and more democratic ideas began to prevail, a rival Assembly, less aristocratic in character, was established in Philadelphia. It happened that General Washington was invited to both on the same night, and went to the plebeian affair, and actually danced with the daughter of a mechanic. I will wager that she was the comeliest girl in the room—for the illustrious George was a judge of beauty. We can fancy the chagrin of the Jeyhills, and Hamiltons, and Harrisons, and Shippins, and De Normondies, and how in their eyes the demigod declined at once into the demagogue.

Our cards of admission to this ball were of the most elegant and dainty fashion. A little more than a hundred years ago, common playing cards were frequently used for such purposes, blank cards not being imported from England or France, or manufactured in the colonies. So, many a colonial belle went to the ball as the Queen of Hearts, and many a gay young "spark" as the Jack of Diamonds.

A distinguished, but rather jovial looking gentleman and his gay and gracious wife were pointed out to me on the floor that night. This gentleman, it was remarked *en passant*, had just made a very bad failure. A hundred years ago, according to Watson, "if a citizen failed in business, it was a cause of general and deep regret—every man meeting his neighbor spoke of his chagrin. It was a rare occurrence, because honesty and temperance in trade were universal."

I may add that if a man made a "very bad failure," like Robert Morris, he generally retired from gay society, to a somewhat gloomy stone edifice on the corner of Third and High streets—or to more commodious but scarcely less forbidding lodgings on Walnut, by Sixth. "*Nous avons changé tout cela*"—and a blessed thing it is—especially for the debtors. An eminent Railroad Prince was also present—a man of gigantic enterprises and matchless executive ability,—but I recalled an almost forgotten hero,—one C. Bessonett, Esq., of Bristol, who, just a hundred years ago, astonished the world by advertising to start a line of stage-coaches, to run from Philadelphia to New York in two days!

The costumes of many of the ladies at the ball were modeled after those of their great grandmothers, and were quaint and picturesque in style, and marvelously varied in texture and hue; but the dress of the gentlemen sadly lacked variety and color. Let us fancy the Jenkins of a hundred years ago wrestling with the dress question, in sketching for the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Ben Franklin's paper, or the *Journal and Weekly Advertizer*, an assembly, or Water street ball, in this wise:

"The elegant and comely Miss Dolly Willing appeared in a full-dress trollopee, of crimson dannador, with a head-dress full half a yard high. It is said that the barber, from a great press of engagements, was obliged to do this young lady's hair on the day preceding that of the ball, and that she, with commendable spirit, slept in a sitting posture, and very lightly, so as not to derange her charming curls and frizzles, crowned by a wreath of artificial roses that would have deceived Flora herself.

"The stately Mrs. Joseph Shippin appeared in a 'Queen's Night-cap'—the elegant head-dress adopted by Lady Washington. She wore hoops and an open trailing robe of scarlet Canton crape over a quilted petticoat of rich green satin, scarlet pointed slippers, and green silk hose with scarlet clocks.

"Miss Peggy Harding appeared, lovely and radiant as a cloud touched with soft sunset-light, in a white Mantua silk fringed with gold, a petticoat of pale blue brocade, blue satin shoes with court heels, and white silk hose clocked with gold. This sumptuous lady's handkerchief was also wrought with gold, and is said to have cost not less than thirty dollars! Head-dress of ostrich plumes—blue, white, and pale yellow. Hair profusely powdered; gloves of white kid, buttoned to the elbow and wrought with gold; fan of curious Chinese workmanship, prodigiously admired.

"Of the distinguished gentlemen present, the most conspicuous was, perhaps, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, in a long-waisted white cloth coat—the height of the ton—scarlet vest, black satin breeches, highly-polished pointed shoes, with silver buckles, and white silk hose. As he entered the court of Terpsichore, he removed, from a slightly powdered wig, a cocked hat of the latest fashion. Fastened to the lappel of his coat was a nosegay of sweet-smelling posies. Mr. John Hancock also attracted much admiration, especially from the fair sex. He wore a coat of fine scarlet cloth, blue satin breeches, with white silk hose, a full-powdered wig—*à la Louis Seize*—with frizzled side-locks, and a cocked hat with a black cockade. His ruffles were of the finest French lace, and his shoe-buckles of brilliant paste. Our respected fellow-citizen Mr. James Harrison wore an entire suit of drab cloth richly trimmed with silver lace."

These be real costumes of the time. An important part of some of these modern-antique costumes, the quilted satin petticoat, had a suspiciously new and shiny appearance. A product of the sewing-machine, it may have been made on the very day of the ball. Among our family relics is a quilted petticoat of rich yellow gros-grain silk, which figured at Philadelphia assemblies and receptions of a hundred years ago. It was worn by a great-aunt, the wife of Samuel Huntington, of Connecticut, signer of the Declaration of Independence and, I believe, President of Congress. The family tradition is that it took Mrs. Huntington and her two sisters six weeks to fashion that garment of wonderful design. Every stitch of the elaborate quilting was taken separately—through the heavy silk, a layer of fine wool, and a lining of some thick worsted stuff, a sort of camlet. It was a petticoat that would stand—almost go through a minuet—alone.

At *our* grand ball all ages were represented. Young gentlemen not yet out of their hobbledehoyhood whirled in the waltz or *galop*-ed with slender girls scarcely yet in their teens. There was no dance graver than the Lancers—everybody seemed to whirl with everybody else sooner or later. Gay gallants fluttered like dainty butterflies, in black dress-coats and white neck-ties, from flower to flower, among the fairest ball-room belles. We saw only one constant couple—a tall, inflexible, serious-looking youth and a pale, thin, sad, and very much *decolletée* young lady—spinning about continually in the center of the hall, like a double-action teetotum. Into the old city assemblies was admitted no gentleman under twenty-one years of age and no lady under eighteen. The dances were formal minuets, with a few country (or contre) dances. Hipesaws and jigs were left to the common people, as more expressing the abandon of rural festivity than the high-bred grace of elegant gayety. Six grave managers conducted the decorous exercises. Places were distributed by lot, and partners were engaged for the evening. Gentlemen were required by etiquette to call and take tea with their partners the day after the ball.

In the soft summer heat of that gorgeous theatre, under the glory of its gilding and painting, in the wondrous light of its great chandelier, blazing like a young sun, I thought of that cold, ugly little building on South street, above Fourth, called the "Southwark Theatre," in which the British officers amused themselves by acting plays, and Major André painted the scenery. It had great square pillars, obstructing the view of many spectators, and it was lighted by oil lamps, without shades. When President Washington honored manager and actors by his attendance, a few more lamps were procured, the stage-boxes decorated with flags, and the play of "The Poor Soldier" was invariably performed, at his request—which must have been rather tiresome, if George was a great play-goer.

We went to our grand ball at nine o'clock, and left at midnight; but most of the gay company danced out the stars. The balls of a hundred years ago began at early candle-light, and broke up at reasonable bed-time. As we drove away, we caught a glimpse of the noble club-house of the Union League, and of the fine hotel *La Pierre*, and I bethought me of the old "Bachlor's Hall" in Kensington, of the London Coffee House, on Front and High streets, of Pegg Mullen's famous "Beef-steak House," on the corner of Water street and Wilcox Alley, and the fashionable "Drinker House," where the British officers most did congregate, and at which Baron de Kalb and Sir William Draper put up.

The day after the ball you in New York could have read all about it in Mr. Child's *Public Ledger*. A hundred years ago even Philadelphians were obliged to wait a week before the *Pennsylvania Ledger* could give them accounts of an assembly—before the belles of the ball-room could be informed what they wore and how charmingly they looked on that occasion. And then the telegraph, which flashed the splendor and sounded the music of that grand Centennial Ball over the continent and under the sea! But I can no more. It makes one's head swim to think what a mighty bound the world has taken since the winter of 1774—when George the Third was king, and just tightening the reins on the colonies—when Colonel Washington was an assemblyman, and Napoleon Bonaparte was still a pretty, willful boy at his mother's knee.

IS MAN UNDER A DIVINE CURSE?

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IT does not seem certain, when we look at it carefully, that God was even angry with Adam and Eve for thus clothing themselves with the attributes of the Most High. Their banishment from the Garden is alleged to be not by way of penalty, but of precaution. They were expelled, not for anything they had done, but for something which it was feared they would do. "And now *lest* he put forth his hand, and take of the tree of life and eat, and live forever, *therefore*, the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden." Even the Divine unwillingness that man after his disobedience should eat of the tree of life, and live forever, may have been Divine compassion and not displeasure. An immortality that would have been forever fresh, and fair, and sweet in the Garden of Eden might be a burden too heavy to be borne outside. It is not the least solace of a life whose sorrows are greatly multiplied and whose toils are often excessive, that its troubles are limited. One man of genius represents death as the poor man's dearest friend, the kindest and the best. Another pictures to himself the consternation that would ensue in the world if death were suddenly abolished. The woes entailed upon the human race by that mysterious and

awful comprehension of good and evil are lifted and lightened by the certain knowledge that the time is short, or if not by the knowledge, certainly by the fact. Sin cannot grow hoary, for the sinner returns to the dust, and out of the dust comes each living soul with something of primal innocence about it. Suffering does not on earth annihilate the power to enjoy, for aching brow and throbbing pulse find peace and rest in the ever-welcoming grave.

It may be noticed also that a very different tone is assumed toward Adam and Eve from that which is assumed toward the Serpent. To the latter the Lord God says, "*thou* art cursed." To Adam he says, "cursed is *the ground* for thy sake." When Cain afterwards killed his brother, the Lord said unto him, "now art *thou* cursed." Lamech observed the distinction and knows no curse upon man, but comforts himself concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of *the ground* which the Lord hath cursed.

It was the ground and not the man who was cursed. Nay, the ground was cursed for the man's sake. Is not the phrase, "for my sake," oftener a friendly than an unfriendly phrase? Is not the necessity of industry everywhere and always recognized as the almost indispensable condition of excellence? Is not idleness denounced, and justly denounced, as the fruitful mother and the untiring foster-mother of vice? And seeing that man had presumptively, rashly, but really drawn upon himself the immeasurable responsibility of the knowledge of good and evil, did not God in love and kindness curse the ground for his sake, render it necessary that man should toil, and by his toil be disciplined and trained into a fitness for the station into which he had thrust himself, all ignorant, untrained, unfit? That absolute ease and luxury in which Adam lived before he had any knowledge of good and evil did not hurt him. After that god-like knowledge came to him, it would have been fatal. A baby plays with his toes and his toys through all his waking hours, but when he becomes a man he puts away childish things.

Nor does it appear afterwards that God was angry with Adam, or alienated from him, or that Adam and his family and friends and descendants fell under God's wrath and curse; and when the Reverend Assembly of Divines at Westminster declare that "All mankind by the fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to the miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever," the declaration is what might be called, in the world's parlance, a "whopper." How they could make such a statement with the book of Genesis before their eyes is incomprehensible.

For see: the first thing after the fall, before Adam and Eve were sent out of the garden, the Lord God made coats of skin and clothed them. He took pity upon their shame; he was touched by their simple, awkward, clumsy efforts to clothe themselves; he did not wait for them to learn by cold and fatigue the insufficiency and fragility of the poor, perishable garments they had stuck together, but he put them himself on the right track. He made for them himself strong and decorous coats, clothes that would stand the rain and storm and toil that awaited them outside of Eden,—garments that could serve them till their progress in art and skill should produce better. Does this look as if they were under God's wrath and curse? What could he have done different if they had been under his pity, and care, and love?

When Eve's first baby was born she cried in rapture, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." That is hardly the cry of a woman whose whole nature was corrupt, and who was cut off from communion with God. It seems rather as if Eve were still living close to the Lord God, and attributed this new, strange blessing at once to Him.

And the Lord had respect unto Abel. And the Lord talked with Cain. And Enoch walked with God, and Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God, and God talked with Noah and blessed Noah and his sons; and all through the book comes a long line of men whom God talked with, and bore with, and labored with, and taught, and directed, and blessed, and comforted—and the Reverend Assembly of Divines at Westminster, with this long record of love and patience in their hands, could put their heads together and declare that all mankind by the fall lost communion with God, and are under his wrath and curse. Worse than that, if anything can be worse, in our own National Council that met in Boston—in 1865, was it?—there was not found a man to "Stand up for Jesus," but all we like sheep have gone astray after the Westminster Divines, and declared our adherence for substance of doctrine to the faith and order which the synods of 1648 and 1680 set forth or reaffirmed.

As between the theological assertions of the Westminster Assembly of Divines and those of any other body of Divinity, it is doubtless proper to go with the Westminster Assembly; but where the issue is between the Westminster Assembly on one side and Moses and the Prophets on the other, I should go decidedly with Moses. Much as we esteem the Catechism, we esteem the Pentateuch more. The book of Genesis, whether we accept it as authority or not, is all the authority we have concerning the origin of the human race. That book tells us that continually, after the Fall, as well as before the Fall, God did lovingly and patiently and unwearyingly talk with man, lead him along pleasant paths and over hard places, rebuke and punish him when he was wicked, praise and reward him when he was even a little good, encourage him when he was weary, strengthen him when he was feeble, and in all ways and places show himself a Father and a friend; so that after all these years, in these remote corners of the earth, one cannot read the story without an amazement, almost an incredulity of gratitude; without exclaiming, What *is* man, that thou shouldst be so mindful of him?

Now, when any one says, on the other hand, that after the fall man lost communion with God and fell under his wrath and curse, I ask with all respect, for his authority. I ask also, if there is any such authority, why it was not incorporated into the book, and the only book that professes to give a connected and complete account of the creation.

OUT OF THE SHELL.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

BACK into the eggiet, chick—
Covert safe and thick:
You had a cosy home
Beneath its dome;
Housed from rude alarm,
Or hint of harm;
Broodied warm at mother-breast,
In downy nest.

Now what perils trap your way
If a step you stray!
What spies in earth and air
Your pluck do scare!
Prowling fox affrights
The roost o' nights;
Hungry hen-hawk loves to swoop
Anigh the coop.

Hair-breadth risks you'll have to pay
End things how they may;
Half-sure in season brief
To come to grief.
What a price unfair
For sun and air!
Better find your cradle-skin,
And slip within.

Nay, my birth-house would not give
Room for me to live.
I broke its roof in two,
A-coming through,
Glad the cell unfit
Betimes to quit,
Eager for a breathing place
Out here in space.

Chicks need somewhere to be born—
But the crib 's out-worn.
To run about is sweet,
And use my feet.
There are grains to snatch,
And grubs to catch;
Fox and hawk can't hurt me so
But that I grow.

Back unto the temple, man,
Where belief began;
Repeat the Shibboleth
First gave you breath;
Screed of doctrine sound
Therein you found;
Yea, your spirit comfort took
In bell and book.

Since you left that altar-stone
Peril sore you've known.
What turbulent unrest
Hath oft oppressed!
What misgivings vain
Have vexed your brain!
Yonder shrine locked safely out
Perturbing doubt.

Sundry perilous mistakes
Whoso probeth makes;
Ignore, then, problems grave;
Throw thought away;
Let the old solutions do,
Doubter, for you;
If to see be troublous—why,
Pluck out your eye.

Shall one wear a swaddling band
Who has learned to stand?
Or fear to go alone
When he is grown?
Why turn back to get
The alphabet?
Or begin to count my beads
And spell at creeds?

Albeit Truth *is* hard to spy,
Must one choose a lie?
Or at illusions wink,
Afraid to think?
Lo! her service white
Makes labor light;
Honor were it, for that name
To suffer shame!

Wherefore cramp we not again
Within churchly pen;
The universe is wide,
I'll browse outside.
Fact and fable weigh
As best I may;
So from primal source to draw
The perfect law.

The Circuit Rider:

A TALE OF THE HEROIC AGE.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier School-master," "The End of the World," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE WIDOW.

WHEN Kike had appeared at the camp meeting, as we related, it was not difficult to forecast his fate. Everybody saw that he was going into a consumption. One year, two years at farthest, he might manage to live, but not longer. Nobody knew this so well as Kike himself. He rejoiced in it. He was one of those rare spirits to whom the invisible world is not a dream but a reality, and to whom religious duty is a voice never neglected. That he had sacrified his own life to his zeal he understood perfectly well, and he had no regrets except that he had not been more zealous. What was life if he could save even one soul?

"But," said Morton to him one day, "you are wrong, Kike. If you had taken care of yourself you might have lived to save so many more."

"Morton, if your eye were fastened on one man drowning," replied Kike, "and you thought you could save him at the risk of your health, you wouldn't stop to calculate that by avoiding that peril you might live long enough to save many others. When God puts a soul before me I save that one if it costs my life. When I am gone God will find others. It is glorious to work for God, but it is awful. What if by some neglect of mine a soul should drop into hell? Oh! Morton, I am oppressed with responsibility! I will be glad when God shall say, It is enough."

Few of the preachers remonstrated with Kike. He was but fulfilling the Methodist ideal; they admired him while most of them could not quite emulate him. Read the minutes of the old conferences and you will see everywhere among the brief obituaries, headstones in memory of young men who laid down their lives as Kike was doing. Men were nothing—the work was everything. Methodism let the dead bury their dead; it could hardly stop to plant a spear of grass over the grave of one of its own heroes.

But Pottawottomie Creek circuit was poor and wild, and it had paid Kike only five dollars for his whole nine months' work. Two of this he had spent for horse-shoes, and two he had given away. The other one had gone for quinine. Now he had no clothes that would long hold together. He would ride to Hissawachee and get what his mother had carded and spun, and woven, and cut, and sewed for the son whom she loved all the more that he seemed no longer to be entirely hers. He could come back in three days. Two days more would suffice to reach Peterborough circuit. So he sent on to the circuit, in advance, his appointments to preach, and rode off to Hissawachee. But he did not get back to camp-meeting. An attack of fever held him at home for several weeks.

At last he was better, and had set the day for his departure from home. His mother saw what everybody saw, that if Kike ever lived to return to his home it would only be to die. And as this was, perhaps, his last visit, Mrs. Lumsden felt in duty bound to tell him of her intention to marry Brady. While Brady thought to do the handsome thing by secretly getting a marriage license, intending, whenever the widow should mention the subject to Kike, to immediately propose that Kike should perform the ceremony of marriage. It was quite contrary to the custom of that day for a minister to officiate at the wedding of one of his own family; Brady defied custom, however. But whenever Mrs. Lumsden tried to approach Kike on the subject, her heart failed her. He was so wrapped up in heavenly subjects, so full of exhortations and aspirations, that she despaired beforehand of making him understand her feelings. Once she began by alluding to her loneliness, upon which Kike assured her that if she put her trust in the Lord he would be with her. What was she to do? How make a rapt seer like Kike understand the wants of ordinary mortals? And that, too, when he was already bidding adieu to this world.

The last morning had come, and Brady was urging on the weeping widow that she must go into the room where Kike was stuffing his small wardrobe into his saddle-bags, and tell him what was in their hearts.

"Oh, I can't bear to," said she. "I won't never see him any more and I might hurt him, and ——"

"Will," said Brady, "thin I'll hev to do it mesilf."

"If you only would!" said she, imploringly.

"But it's so much more appropriate for you to do it, Mrs. Lumsden. If I do it, it'll same jist like axin' the b'y's consint to marry his mother."

"But I can't noways do it," said the widow. "If you love me you might take that load offen me."

"I'll do it if it kills me sthraight," and Brady marched into the sitting-room, where Kike, exhausted by his slight exertion, was resting in the shuck-bottom rocking-chair. Brady took a seat opposite to him on a chair made out of a transformed barrel, and roached up his iron gray hair uneasily. To his surprise Kike began the conversation.

"Mr. Brady, you and mother a'n't acting very wisely, I think," said Kike.

"Ye've noticed us, thin," said Brady, in terror.

"To be sure I have."

"Will, now, Koike, I'll tell you fwat I'm thinkin'. Ye're pecooliar loike; ye don't know how to sympathoize with other folks because ye're livin' roight up in hiven all the toime."

"Why don't you live more in heaven?"

"Will, I think I'd throy if I had somebody to help me," said Brady, adroitly. "But I'm one of the koind that's lonesome, and in doire nade of company. I was jilted whin I was young, and I thought I' d niver be a fool agin. But ye see ye ain't niver been in love in all yer loife, and how kin ye fale fer others?"

"Maybe I have been in love, too," said Kike, a strange softness coming into his voice.

"Did ye iver! Who'd a thought it?" And Brady made large eyes at him. "Thin ye ought to fale fer the infarmities of others," he added with some exultation.

"I do. That's why I said you and mother were very foolish."

"Fwy, now; there it is agin. Fwat do ye mane?"

"Why this. When I was here before I saw that you and mother had taken a liking to each other. I thought by this time you'd have been married. And I didn't see any reason why you shouldn't. But you're as far away as ever. Here's mother's land that needs somebody to take care of it. I am going away, never to come back. If I could see you married the only earthly care I have would be gone, and I could die in peace, whenever and wherever the Lord calls me."

"God bliss ye, Koike," said Brady, wiping his eyes. "Fwy didn't ye say that before? Ye're a prophet and a angel, I belave. I wish I was half as good, or a quarther. God bliss ye, me boy. I wish—I wish ye would thry to live afwoile. I've been athryin', and your mother's been athryin', to muster up courage to spake to ye about this, and ye samed so hivenly we thought ye would be displased. Now, will ye marry us before ye go?"

"I haven't got any license."

"Here 'tis, in me pocket."

"Where's a witness or two?"

"I hear some women-folks come to say good-bye to ye in the other room."

"I'd like to marry you now," said Kike. "I must get away in an hour."

And he married them. They wept over him, and he made no concealment that he was going away for the last time. He rode out from Hissawachee never to come back. Not sad, but exultant, that he had sacrificed everything for Christ and was soon to enter into the life everlasting. For, faithless as we are in this day, let us never hide from ourselves the fact that the faith of a martyr is indeed a hundred fold more a source of joy than houses and lands, and wife and children.

CHAPTER XXXI.

KIKE.

TO reach Peterborough Kike had to go through Morton's great diocese of Jenkinsville Circuit. He could not ride far. Even so intemperate a zealot as Kike admitted so much economy of force into his calculations. He must save his strength in journeying or he could not reach his circuit, much less preach when he got there. At the close of his second day he inquired for a Methodist house at which to stop, and was directed to the double-cabin of a "located" preacher—one who had been a "travelling" preacher, but, having married, was under the necessity of entangling himself with the things of this world that he might get bread for his children. As he rode up to the house Kike gladly noted the horses hitched to the fence as an evidence that there must be a meeting in progress. He was in Morton's circuit; who could tell that he should not meet him here?

When Kike entered the house, Morton stood in the door between the two rooms preaching, with the back of a "split-bottomed" chair for a pulpit. For a moment the pale face of Kike, so evidently smitten with death, appalled him; then it inspired him, and Morton never spoke better on that favorite theme of the early Methodist evangelist—the rest in heaven—than while drawing his inspiration from the pallid countenance of his comrade.

"Ah! Kike!" he said, when the meeting was dismissed, "I wish you had my body."

"What do you want to keep me out of heaven for, Mort? Let God have his way," said Kike, smiling contentedly.

But long after Kike slept that night Morton lay awake. He could not let the poor fellow go off alone. So in the morning he arranged with the located brother to take his appointments for awhile and let him ride one day with Kike.

"Ride ten or twenty if you want to," said the ex-preacher. "The corn's laid by and I've got nothing to do, and I'm spoiling for a preach."

Peterborough circuit lay off to the southeast of Hickory Ridge, and Morton, persuaded that Kike was unfit to preach, endeavored to induce him to turn aside and rest at Dr. Morgan's, only ten miles out of his road.

"I tell you, Morton, I've got very little strength left. I cannot spend it better than in trying to save souls. There's Peterborough vacant three months since Brother Jones was first taken sick. I want to make one or two rounds at least, preaching with all the heart I have. Then I'll cease at once to work and live, and who knows but that I may slay more in my death than in my life?"

But Morton feared that he would not be able to make one round. He thought he had an overestimate of his strength, and that the final break-down might come at any moment. So, on the morning of the second day he refused to yield to Kike's entreaties to return. He would see him safe among the members on Peterborough circuit, anyhow.

Now it happened that they missed the trail and wandered far out of their way. It rained all the afternoon, and Kike got drenched in crossing a stream. Then a chill came on, and Morton sought shelter. He stopped at a cabin.

"Come in, come in, brethren," said the settler, as soon as he saw them. "I 'low ye're preachers. Brother Goodwin I know. Heerd him down at camp-meetin' last fall,—time conference met on the Ridge. And this brother looks mis'rable. Got the shakes, I 'low. Your name, brother, is—

"Brother Lumsden," said Morton.

"Lumsden? Why, that air's the very name of our school-miss, and she's stayin' here jes' now. I kinder recolleck that you was sick up at Dr. Morgan's, conference time. Hey?"

Morton looked bewildered.

"How far is Dr. Morgan's from here?"

"Nigh onto three quarter 'round the road, I 'low. Ain't it, Sister Lumsden?" This last to Patty, who at that moment appeared from the bedroom, and without answering the question, greeted Morton and Kike with a cry of joy. Patty was "boarding round," and it was her time to stay here.

"How did we get here? We aimed at Lanham's Ferry," said Morton, bewildered.

"Tuck the wrong trail ten mile back, I 'low. You should've gone by Hanks's Mills."

Despite all protestations from the Methodist brother, Morton was determined to take Kike to Dr. Morgan's. Kike was just sick enough to be passive, and he suffered himself to be put back into the saddle to ride to the doctor's. Patty, meanwhile, ran across the fields and gave warning, so that Kike was summarily stowed away in the bed he had occupied before. Thus do men try to run away from fate, and rush into her arms in spite of themselves.

It did not require very great medical skill to understand what must be the result of Kike's sickness.

"What is the matter with him, Doctor?" asked Morton, next morning.

"Absolute physical bankruptcy, sir," answered the physician, in his abrupt manner. "There's not water enough left in the branch to run the mill seven days. Wasted life, sir, wasted life. It is a pity but you Methodists had a little moderation in your zeal."

Kike uneasily watched the door, hoping every minute that he might see Nettie come in. But she did not come. He had wished to avoid her father's house for fear of seeing her, but he could not bear to be thus near her and not see her. Toward evening he called Patty to him.

"Lean down here!" he said.

Patty put her ear down that nobody might hear.

"Where's Nettie?" asked Kike.

"About the house, somewhere," said Patty.

"Why don't she come in to see me?"

"Not because she doesn't care for you," said Patty; "she seems to be crying half the time."

Kike watched the door uneasily all that evening. But Nettie did not come. To have come into Kike's room would have been to have revealed her love for one who had never declared his love for her. The mobile face of Nettie disclosed every emotion. No wonder she was fain to keep away. And yet the desire to see him almost overcame her fear of seeing him.

When the doctor came in to see Kike after breakfast the next morning, the patient looked at him wistfully.

"Doctor Morgan, tell me the truth. Will I ever get up?"

"You can never get up, my dear boy," said the physician, huskily.

A smile of relief spread over Kike's face. At that word the awful burden of his morbid sense of responsibility for the world's salvation, the awful burden of a self-sacrifice that was terrible and that must be lifelong, slipped from his weary soul. There was then nothing more to be done but to wait for the Master's release. He shut his eyes, murmured a "Thank God!" and lay for minutes, motionless. As the doctor made a movement to leave him, Kite opened his eyes and looked at him eagerly.

"What is it, my boy?" said Morgan, stroking the straight black hair off Kike's forehead, and petting him as though he were a child. "What do you want?"

"Doctor ——," said Kike, and then closed his eyes again.

"Don't be afraid to tell me what is in your heart, dear boy." The tears were in the doctor's eyes.

"If you think it best—if you think it best, mind—I would like to see Nettie."

"Of course it is best. I am glad you mentioned it. It will do her good, poor soul."

"If you think it best ——"

"Well?" said the doctor, seeing that Kike hesitated. "Speak out."

"All alone."

"Yes, you shall see her alone. That is best." The doctor's utterance was choked as he hastened out.

Kike lay with eyes fixed on the door. It seemed a long time after the doctor went before Nettie came in. It was only three minutes—three minutes in which Nettie vainly strove to wipe away tears that flowed faster than she could remove them. At last her hand was on the latch. She gained a momentary self-control. But when she opened the door and saw his emaciated face, and his black eyes looking so eagerly for her, it was too much for the poor little heart. The next moment she was on her knees by his bed, sobbing violently. And Kike put out his feeble hands and drew the golden head up close to his bosom, and spoke tenderer words than he had ever heard spoken in his life. And then he closed his eyes, and for a long time nothing was said. It came about after Nettie's tears were spent that they talked of all that they had felt; of the life past and of the immortal life to come. Hours went by and none intruded upon this betrothal for eternity. Patty had waited without, expecting to be called to take her place again by her cousin's bedside. But she did not like to remain in conversation with Morton. It could bring nothing but pain to them both. It occurred to her that she had not seen her patient in Higgins's Hollow since Kike came. She started immediately, glad to escape from the regrets excited by the presence of Morton, and touched with remorse that she had so long neglected a man on whose heart she thought she had been able to make some religious impression.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PINKEY'S DISCOVERY.

PINKEY was grum. He didn't like to be neglected, if he was a highwayman. He had gotten out of bed and drawn on his boots.

"So you could n't come to see me because there was a young preacher sick at the doctor's?" he said, when Patty entered.

"The young preacher is my cousin," said Patty, "and he is going to die."

"Your cousin?" said Pinkey, softened a little. "But Goodwin is there, too. I hope you did n't tell him anything about me?"

"Not a word."

"He ought to be grateful to you for saving his life."

"He seems to be."

"And people that are grateful are very likely to have other feelings after awhile." There was a significance in Pinkey's manner that Patty greatly disliked.

"You should not talk in that way. Mr. Goodwin is engaged to be married."

"Is he?" Do you mind telling me her name?"

"To a lady named Meacham, I believe."

"What?—Who?—To Ann Eliza? How did it happen that I have never heard of that? To Ann Eliza! Confound her; what a witch that girl is! I wish I could spoil her game this time. Goodwin's too good for her and she sha'n't have him." Then he sat still, as if in meditation. After a moment he resumed: "Now, Miss Lumsden, you've done one good turn for him, you must do another. I want to send a note to this Ann Eliza."

"*I* cannot take it," said Patty, trembling.

"You saved his life, and now you are unwilling to save him from a worse evil. You ought not to refuse."

"You ought not to ask it. The circumstances of the case are peculiar. I will not take it."

"Will you take a note to Goodwin?"

"Not on this business."

Pinkey was startled at the emotion she showed, and looked at her inquiringly; "You were a schoolmate of Morton's—of Goodwin's, I mean—and a body would think that you might be the identical sweetheart that sent him adrift for joining the Methodists—and then joined the Methodists herself, eh?"

Patty said nothing, but turned away.

"By the holy Moses," said Pinkey, in a half-soliloquy, "if that's the case, I'll break the net of that fisherwoman this time or drown myself a-trying."

Patty had intended to read the Bible to her patient, but her mind was so disturbed that she thought best to say good-morning. Pinkey roused himself from a reverie to call her back.

"Will you answer me one question?" he asked. "Does Goodwin want to marry this girl? Is he happy about it, do you think?"

"I am sure he is n't," said Patty, reproaching herself in a moment that she had said so much.

Patty made some kindly remark to Mrs. Barkins as she went out, walked briskly to the fence, halted, looked off over the field a moment, turned round and came back. When she re-entered Pinkey's room he had put on his false-whiskers and wolf-skin cap, and she trembled at the transformation. He started, but said: "Don't be afraid, Miss Lumsden, I am not meditating mischief. I will not hurt you, certainly, and you must not betray me. Now, what is it?"

"Don't do anything wrong in this matter," said Patty. "Don't do anything that'll lie heavy on your soul when you come to die.—I'm afraid you'll do something wrong for Mr. Goodwin's sake or—mine."

"No. If I was able to ride I'd do one thunderin' good thing. But I am too weak to do anything, plague on it!"

"I wish you would put these deceits in the fire and do right," she said, indicating his disguises. "I am disappointed to see that you are going back to your old ways."

He made no reply, but laid off his disguises and lay down on the bed, exhausted. And Patty departed, grieved that all her labors were in vain, while Pinkey only muttered to himself, "I'm too weak, confound it!"

(To be continued.)

Yale Lectures on Preaching.

THIRD SERIES.

BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

No. III.

THE TRUE METHOD OF PRESENTING GOD.

Delivered before the Students of Yale Theological School, in Marquand Chapel, New Haven, February 18th, 1874. Reported expressly for the *Christian Union* by T. J. Ellinwood.*

THE GREAT COMMANDMENT.

WE often lose the importance of the sayings of the New Testament by familiarity with them. I am sure no man can adequately understand (so great is it) the declaration of our Saviour, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." Although no familiarity can quite stale that, yet, having heard it from our childhood, and slid over it unthinkingly, we may not see it opening itself up in such a way as to show all the avenues of meaning which are really in it.

In the first place, it is very remarkable how intense is the homage, and indeed what is the kind of homage, which is required. It is not obedience simply; it is not awe; it is not admiration; it is *love*—the deepest, the strongest, the most comprehensive of all human experiences. Nor is it merely a love which acts mildly. The cumulation of phrase upon phrase, which we find employed in that command, shows the weakness of language, and the strength of the thing to be expressed. It is a love that is to be made up of whatever there is in man.

And this is not all; we are to consider that this love is to be expressed not toward our father, not toward our mother, not toward our natural kindred; that it is not to run out through the open avenues of friendship; but that it is to be directed toward a great invisible Being, whom the eye never saw, whom the ear never heard, whom the hand never grasped. That invisible presence named "God" is to be the object of the strongest affection of which the human mind is capable. Now, when we think how hard it is for men to adapt themselves to duties that are visible; or to yield to influences that carry with them collateral motives and incitements, we may well suppose that it would be hard for them to make an invisible Presence, who does not address himself to us through any of the ordinary channels of the human mind, the object of such overpowering affection as this.

There is another consideration. Not only is this the command of God in the incarnated Christ Jesus, but we are to add his declaration that around about it cling the whole of the Old Testament Scriptures. When unfolded they surround this great Center. Such was their meaning, as they were interpreted in the ancient day. All the prophets and early writers and lawgivers of the Hebrews meant but this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself"—the two great divisions of the command.

THE OBJECTS OF PREACHING.

Now, if this is the great central idea, then the preaching of *God* is the foundation of all pulpit instruction and of all true systems of religion, and in preaching this you have struck the central source of power. If, therefore, a man is to preach well, it is not enough for him to preach duties and relations; it is not enough for him to preach the analysis of human thought and feeling; it is not enough for him to preach all the inflections of experience in human life: there must be such a development of the Divine as shall make itself the center of the preacher's power.

And take note that, in developing the character of God, it is not enough for you to unfold a character that is strong, and just, and wise. You must so present the idea of God as to make men love him. And although you may plead that the carnal man has no aptitude by nature for the comprehension of divine things; though you may plead that there are traits, attributes, qualities, in the divine nature, and features in the divine government, which will naturally repel selfishness and pride in man, (all of which is true—more true than we can imagine,) nevertheless, the divine character is altogether lovely; and there are corresponding traits in man which stand over against every one of its great elements. It *is* in the power of man to come into sympathy with them. There are adaptations in him which, when quickened by the effluent Spirit of God, draw him toward that Spirit. There are in the human mind predispositions and powers which adapt it to an experience of the feeling of love to God. That men do not often use these, and that they cannot easily use them, does not touch the question; for, under the influence of the divine Spirit which goes with your work of preaching, there *is* that in man which enables him to see and to love what is lovely in God.

Preaching, then, has a two-fold object: namely, to develop the character of God so as, first, to make men see how unlovely is the manner of their own life; and then to attract them and inspire them with aspiration toward the loveliness of the Divine. And I shall speak to you this afternoon especially on the subject of preaching God, or, more explicitly, on the subject of the true mode of presenting the nature of God to men so that they may understand it and love it.

MEN'S IDEAS OF GOD: THE TRUE LOVERS.

When you go into your respective parishes, it will not do for you to take your own class-feeling along with you. It will not do for you to take it for granted, unthinkingly, that everybody has about your state of mind in regard to God. It becomes a part of your duty, if you are a wise pastor, to investigate and find out just what is the condition of those among whom you are to labor. I think your experience will be about this, in ordinary parishes: you will find, first, a rare few who love with a love which really overmasters every other feeling—which, like sun-light, shines down and gives color to every other affection, surrounding all, penetrating all, mounting higher than all, and making itself the center of life—natures that have this true appreciation of God, bear it about with them day and night, and can say, "Lord, who have I in heaven but thee? and who is there on earth that I desire in comparison with thee?"

There are persons whose thought of God is perpetual music to them. In the morning, at noon-tide, and in the evening, they are still with God. Their thoughts rise as naturally to him as vapors rise to the drawing of the sun. The number of these, however, is very, very small; and they are found mostly among women, or among men in whom the emotional or woman-nature is large. They are not often found among practical men, or men of a speculative turn of mind. Once in a while, in a rare case, like that of Jonathan Edwards, who possessed a comprehensive, speculative nature, there is that experience of the recognition of the Divine, the ever-presence of God, which enables one to say that all his life long he has walked with God; but as I have already said, such cases are very infrequent.

CONVENTIONALISTS.

You will find, next, a great many who will talk as if they had this experience, and perhaps even think they have, while they have it not; that is to say, there springs up, under the constant ministration of the Gospel, a peculiar form of conventionalism, such that persons, who know what their duty is, talk as if the fulfillment of that known duty, after which they are striving, were their actual condition, "with such qualifications and limitations, of course, as belong to poor human nature," they say. If you scrutinize and go behind the conventional expressions which are used, you will generally find that in those who even honestly use them there is no such sense of an ever-present God, in beauty and glory, as really fires and fills their souls, and illumines their experience.

GENERAL BELIEVERS.

Next, you will find (and in larger numbers) those who have an intellectual conception of God—well educated men and women—who now and then are kindled into a glow by that conception; who, under the excitement of special griefs and sorrows, or under the stimulus of peculiar joys, or under the influence of protracted meetings or other unusual occasions, or in consequence of those rare conjunctions which occur, and which light up everything and fill everything with glory—as does this day from out of the bosom of winter—who, under such circumstances, they know not how nor why, have distinct conceptions of God and of his attributes, so coördinated that all their objections are answered, and they do come to have a general faith in God. But it is not a God *present* that they conceive of. It is God, but it is not *Immanuel*—it is not *God present with us*. These, as I remarked, form a much larger class than the others of whom I spoke.

THE RESPECTABLE MAJORITY.

Next to them is a still larger class, that constitute the great middle portion of society, as they will of your parish—namely, those who have, in the main, only about this conception of God, and of his character and administration: that there is the heaven above; the earth beneath; the succession of the seasons; the frame-work of universal government; and, above all these, One who made them, and wound them up, and rolled them out, and keeps them a-going, and takes care of them. To them God is the great Functionary of the universe. Sometimes, in their estimation, he is Architect; he is Machinist, sometimes; he is Administrator, sometimes. They regard him as the One who *does* everything. They look upon him very much as we look upon the "Government" at Washington, as having not much personality, but a great deal of function. It seems to me that such is the abiding state of mind in regard to the Divinity among what we call the respectable and reasonable class in the community. They have no great distinctness of thought concerning God. They think of him as the Performer of great functions, rather than as a Person.

HOME-HEATHEN.

Then comes the great under-class, a nebulous-minded people, who neither know nor think much about God. You will be surprised to find how many there are of them. You will be surprised to find how many there are of them in New Haven. I have noticed that the worst people are in New England, as well as the best. I have noticed, for instance, that if you take the class of skeptics, they are more malignant and viperous, a hundred times, in New England, than they are in New Orleans. The pressure of moral feeling is so great here that if men do not submit to it, it crowds them down, and at bottom they oppose it and resent it, and bring against it everything that is hard in New England resistance. There is an intensity and vitality to their opposition which is fearful, sometimes.

Then there is also an ignorance in New England, I think, such as you will hardly find anywhere else. It may not be so right where you live, nor just where your mission school is, perhaps; but not far from your vicinity it is so. If you search all the neighborhood around you will find men that are ignorant enough. You do not need to go a great way from home to be among the heathen. If you take the trouble to look up those who are degraded, and you regard every man in the township as worthy of your acquaintance, and you gauge him, and sound his intellectual state and moral consciousness, and find what level he stands on, you will be astonished at the number of those who live not only without hope, but literally without God in the world.

Here, then, is your work laid out for you as a preacher of the Gospel. You may have a primary relation to the Church; but no matter what community you are settled in, you are settled for the sake of that community; and you are to bear your distributive part of the labor which needs to be performed outside of church walls. You are to preach the great central truth of the universe of God so that it shall be made known to the ignorant, and be made more intelligible to those who know him already, although you can be but an auxiliary to those who have an intellectual conception of the divine nature. You have an important work in preaching to those who think of God merely in his functions; but still more important is your work in behalf of that great under-class which represents, I might almost say, the *detritus* of society.

HOW TO PREACH GOD.

I merely allude to this. The question which I purpose to discuss this afternoon is, simply: How shall the character of God be presented, not to yourselves, but to others, in such a way that they shall accept this great ideal, this invisible fact, this truth, which lies outside of the sphere of the ordinary senses? That is a theme which is worth your pondering.

REALIZE HIS PERSONALITY.

A personal sense of God, then, you are to beget among the people of your charge.

In doing this, your are to bear in mind that in moral things, as in esthetics, as in mathematics, as in poetry, as in oratory, as in any department in which the mind acts, men have different degrees of recipiency. That which is easy for one man is often very difficult for another, owing to the difference in their framework, or else owing to depravities by which the moral sense has been lowered in tone or almost obliterated. Therefore, you will succeed almost without effort with some while you will succeed with others only by very great labor. With many the task will be long and severe.

You should not go into this work with the consciousness that you are to get up a series of sermons, say, on the attributes of God, discussing first all his natural attributes, and secondly, all his moral attributes, for you may preach on the natural and moral attributes of God, and not preach on God at all. If you were to go into the consideration of the divine attributes you would have so many discussions of so many questions of mental philosophy that you would fail to unfold the idea of a *present* God, of whom these are economic elements. Your task is not alone, as you will see, to discuss those qualities which belong to the universal mind, but to succeed in presenting this abstract, *ideal* Being in such a way that he shall be a *real* Being to those who hear you.

DO NOT ARGUE HIS EXISTENCE.

I have, not, therefore, much opinion of attempts to prove the existence of God. I doubt whether any man will ever be won from skepticism by having the existence of God proved to him. I doubt it because I doubt whether the evidence of God's existence comes to our sensuous reason. If it does, I think it comes remotely, and as an auxiliary to an impression that has already been established on other grounds. My own feeling is that you may very safely assume the existence of God, and that, having assumed it, your chief work in this direction will be to *illustrate the divine nature*. There is at the bottom a moral consciousness in mankind such that when you shall have skillfully and correctly unfolded the true character of God, especially as pertaining to personality, the mind will naturally accept it.

There is no use of demonstrating to men that there is music in one of Mozart's or Beethoven's symphonies. *Play it*, and I will defy them to get rid of saying that there is music in it. They recognize it at once.

You may fail to demonstrate by logical argument that you are good-natured; but if you stay with an ugly man all day, and never lose your temper, and repay sweetness for sourness, and kindness for unkindness, he will be obliged to acknowledge that you are good-natured. You could not prove to him in words that you had a good-natured disposition, but he could not resist the conviction that you had, if you were in his presence, and were uniformly good-natured.

There is such a thing as the action of being on being. We recognize it in lower life; and my belief is, that it belongs still more essentially to the higher life. When the being of God itself is unfolded by the divine Spirit, and made luminous, there is a moral consciousness in the mind of man which cannot help responding. I

* *Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by* J. B. FORD & CO., *in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.*

believe that this moral consciousness is universal, and that in the presence of it argument falls to the ground as needless.

I have, besides this, a conviction that without a proper appeal to this moral consciousness, the mere intellect being addressed, arguments to prove that there is a God will have no more effect than hailstones on Gibraltar.

There is no objection to a man's arguing the subject of the existence of God from the pulpit, if he is pretty sure that his people believe it; but unless he knows that it is an accepted truth among them, I would advise him not to argue it. As has been said by Joubert, (whose wisdom is of a high order, and whose writings I wish could be translated,) there is danger of exciting unbelief by attempting to argue things which are not within the sphere of argument, the effect being to stir up combativeness in men, and the gladiatorial spirit. A man may be led to meet your arguments—by which, as it were, you defy investigation—with a skepticism which otherwise would slumber.

MEET MAN'S MORAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

I would recommend you not to attempt, then, unless you are pretty sure of your people, to argue that there is a God, nor to attempt to prove his existence. I should assume it, always. But there should be a presentation of God which should meet that moral consciousness of which I have spoken. I know not that I shall make myself quite understood, but I think there can be a presentation of God made which all men's hearts, at one time or another, would crave fervently, and of which they would say, "Let it be true! *Let it be true!*" I can conceive of such a presentation of God, as monarchical and despotic, that all good men would say, "Oh! let it *not* be true!" There is surely such a way of making known God, in the Lord Jesus Christ, that at one time or another men under burdens, men in sorrow, men whose hopes have been blighted, men who are without sympathy in life, lonely men, troubled men, dissatisfied men, men aching with pride and selfishness—first or last, men like these shall be buoyed up by it, it shall be to them like the coming on of spring to the patient in her chamber, and every aspiration in them shall say, "Oh! *let there be* such a God! *I need him.*"

At such a time as this, when science is tending to undermine men's faith; when so many influences are drawing us away from a conception of God, and planting doctrine on sensuous foundations (where it cannot be demonstrated) the wise course is, it seems to me, to lift up such a conception of the divine nature that everything that is true and noble in men shall long for it. God should be made so altogether lovely in the preacher's presentation of him, that the world will not consent to have him dethroned from their ideas or from their faith.

THREE ELEMENTS OF PRESENTATION.

There are three things, then, that you should seek to do in attempting to present God to men aright—first, to establish his *personality;* second, to illustrate his *disposition;* third, to give and keep a sense of his *presence.* These three elements—personality, disposition or character, and ever-presence—it is important to unfold, so that God shall be a *God with us,* and not a God afar off from us.

THE DIVINE PERSONALITY.

As regards the divine personality, I speak of it as distinguished, in the first place, from pantheism, or from those things which tend toward an impersonal God. It is not necessary for me to go into a discussion of the idea that God is the universe, as he has been represented to be. I only say that this idea is a thing so scattered, so absolutely unconcentrated, that it is in effect a mere atmosphere, and an atmosphere so rarified that men cannot breathe it. It is absolutely without moral effect. And although it may seem to be very harmless, yet, to say "No God" is to me no worse than to say, "Impersonal God."

Next to this, I rank what are called the theories of "the unknowable" in God. Men hold, almost *a priori,* that the divine nature must be so very high above ours that it is not knowable by us. No person at all instructed in the Word of God ever teaches that we can perfectly understand the Almighty; but cannot the human mind grasp so much of the divine nature that it shall know it in kind, if not in degree? May we not know the quality of God's being, without knowing its quantity? May we not know what water is, when we see a drop? May I not know what the Atlantic Ocean is made of, by seeing a tumblerful of water? As far as it goes, a drop is the same as the sea—the same, not in magnitude, but in quality. The rill that comes running down from the seams of the rock, and the flowing stream that helps to make the gushing river below, and the lake into which the river empties—all these are types of the ocean—that is, they tell me what water is. They cannot exactly tell me what shapes it assumes, or what its power is; but from these I can learn its constituent elements just as I could from the Atlantic itself. And although there is much that is unknowable in regard to the divine nature, yet there are elements of it which may be known, and which, being known, make it a power on the hearts and consciences of men.

To say to me that a thing is of a different color from anything that we know; to tell me that its color is magnificent, but that it is not white, nor black, nor red, nor green, nor blue, nor yellow, nor purple; to tell me that it comes nearer to red than anything else, but that it does not come near to that at all; to tell me that it comes near to something that it does not resemble, but that it would resemble if it were something very different from what it is, would be not only to give me no conception of the thing, but to destroy any conception of it which I might already have. And to say to me of the divine nature, that it comes near to intellection, but that it is not intellection; that it comes near to the will, but that it is not the will; that it comes near to benevolence, but that it is not benevolence, is to annihilate my conception of that nature. These terms which seem to describe the Supreme Being to men have the effect of destroying the influence on their minds of the representation which is made of him.

THE USES OF ANALYSIS.

Personality, as distinguished from abstract analysis, is one of the ends which you are to seek. Do not misunderstand me by thinking that I am disposed to dissuade you from a philosophical analysis of the divine nature. It is a part of mental philosophy, and it belongs to a scientific study of that philosophy; but an analysis of it takes away its life-form.

You may analyze a flower, in order to understand it; but if there were only one flower in the universe, as soon as you analyzed it there would no longer be one—it would be gone. If you take it to pieces to examine it, and if you submit it to the laboratory, you have the elements of it, but not its organic structure Certainly you have not its life. That has been taken away by the analysis. If there are plenty of flowers and, after you have analyzed one, you go back to the life-form, then you gain; but in the simple analysis you lose. In merely analyzing God you lose, because you place him in the category of abstract ideas. You take away his vitality, as I might say, so that he is no more a Divine Being. Thus, when you argue that God is the sum of love, the sum of benevolence, the sum of universal power, you may properly take every one of those elements and analyze it; but you should not deceive yourself by supposing that in that way you are making known a personal God. It is not until, having gone through the process of analysis, you begin the work of synthesis, and bring back these qualities into a personal form, that you have increased the knowledge of men concerning God. It is a personal God, made up of these things, that you want to bring before the minds of men.

Look for a moment at what would take place. I ask an artist to paint for me the portrait of a man. I say to him: "I will describe the man as he is, and I want you to represent him on canvas. First, he has a bone system—mark that down, Mr. Painter; secondly, he has a muscular system—add that; he also has an arterial and venous system—add that, too; then he has a nerve system, which begins at the head, and runs all the way down through the man—put that in; he has likewise a forehead, eyes, a nose, a mouth, and ears—these are to be included." Could an artist paint a portrait from such an inventory of qualities? Could he represent any part of a man who was described to him in that way?

A man attempts to describe to me the woman of his love, saying, "She is five feet, four inches high; she has brown hair; she has eyes—two of them; she has a nose; she has a mouth; she has ears; she smells with her nose, and eats with her mouth, and sees with her eyes, and hears with her ears; she has feet, and she walks on them; she has hands, and she uses them; she has a heart—oh, what a heart! Do you wonder that I admire her?"

How vague such a description would be! It may be a very superficial analysis, but it is all the worse if you carry it out a great way further; for analysis is taking a thing apart; it is taking it out of organization and personality; and if you cannot produce a sense of personality by analyzing a human being, and enumerating his different parts, do not think that by partitioning the divine nature for the purpose of making God known you can produce a sense of his personality. For to say to me that God is wise, and just, and good, does not give me any very particular idea of him.

I will describe to you two men who are as different as they possibly can be—General Grant and General Sherman; and I will say that both of them have very great fortitude, that both of them have very great patience, running even to obstinacy; that both of them have very sharp and clear intellects; that both of them have foresight; that both of them have very great sympathy with their fellow-men; that both of them are very skillful; and that both of them are apt to be victorious. Those terms describe them both generically, and yet they are as different as it is possible for them to be in other respects. General Grant is square, short and thick; and General Sherman is long, lean and lathy. General Grant is very taciturn; and General Sherman is never silent—I suppose he talks in his sleep! General Grant thinks everything out, and General Sherman sees things by intuition. General Grant is secretive, and General Sherman is open as a child. You must go further than the *genus,* or you do not describe men.

Herein lies one of the great mistakes into which preachers fall. They do not produce a sense of the personality of God, because they preach analytic views, analytic views, analytic views, of God all the time.

Now, when you have indoctrinated men, by analysis, in the character of God, and in the qualities or elements into which it is analyzed, if you have the power, by synthesis, of bringing them back and combining them again, that is all very well. Or, to change the figure, if, instead of forever distributing type, you distribute it simply because you wish every letter to be in its proper department in order that it may be easily found when it is wanted for new combinations, then you may bring it back, by composition, and spell out that incomprehensible Name which the Jews revered, and which the Scriptures disclosed. For, in looking at God, two processes are employed—first that of separating the qualities of his nature, so that each shall be distinct from every other; and secondly, that of gathering them together again, and forming them into a unit—then you have a Person who stands out by himself, and who can never be confounded with another person.

PERSONALITY NOT FUNCTIONAL CONDITION.

God's personality, too, should be presented as distinct from his functions; for, one may lose entirely the sense of the Divine personality, by turning the mind, or having it turned almost continuously, upon what God does, or what God says. That is, if you say of God that he is Creator, that he is Lawgiver, that he is Upholder, that he is Judge, that he is Punisher, you say only what has been said, and said fitly, of Jupiter; what has been said of Brahma, and what may be properly said of any semi-civilized deity. Such deities are conceived of as having performed various essential functions. And you cannot bring Jehovah distinctly before the mind in that way. You cannot in that way produce a sense of the difference between Jove and Jehovah. It does not represent a person toward whom one can fulfill the command, "Thou shalt love."

No man, I suppose, ever yet fell in love with a problem: men may like problems, but no man can love them. No man ever yet fell in love with a proposition in mental philosophy; no man ever fell in love with an abstraction; no man ever fell in love with a conception of power; but men fall in love with dispositions. And the character of God is to be so preached as that all elements of wisdom and of power will stand around his great central disposition, which should make him something admirable to be thought of, to be followed, and to be obeyed. With such a presentation of God you can love, but without it you cannot love.

When the elements of the divine nature are known and are brought into personality, there will be great power in preaching. A peculiarity of the Bible is, that it contains these elements in itself.

COMPLETE CONCEPTION OF GOD IMPOSSIBLE.

I had occasion, last week, to call your attention to that character of God which is presented in the 34th chapter of Exodus. Another description of God is given in the Old Testament, which I think is extraordinary when you regard the time in which it emerged—namely, the description which God gives of himself. In one place he says, "I am that I am;" and in another place, "I am he." Abstraction can be carried no farther than it is carried in these passages; and it seems to me something astounding, far back in the time of that pictorial people—that people of an old Semitic language, in which everything was graphic and dramatic—to see these declarations of God: that he transcends knowledge, and that he exists in his own absolutely unapproachable totality; as where he says, substantially, "I am myself; I am all that I am; I am because I am; look upon me, indescribable and wonderful past all pronunciation."

Continually, there are such statements, and others, declaring that we cannot know God unto perfection—that he is, in every respect, so large and so good that no man can rise to a conception of him. This is declared, after the manifestation of God in Christ Jesus, and even down as late as the time of Paul, who says that we can only see God as through a glass, darkly. We have the declaration in the 1st epistle of John, "beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." In other words, the declaration is, "We are allied to him as sons," and yet we have very little intimation of what it is to have such a Father. The largeness of it, the fullness of it, and the grandeur of it, transcend our comprehension.

Bring me out of the Music Hall in Boston, one by one, the magnificent array of stops in that great organ, and lay them on the trial-board, and let a man blow every one of them, first sounding the wald-flute, next the diapason, and then the others in their order, and I can form some imagination of what the effect would be, if they were all put together and sounded—especially if I had heard other organs; and yet when I go at twilight in the evening, where some John Zundel, who thinks with his hands, whose brains run down to the ends of his fingers, and who is pouring out, for his own comfort and enjoyment, devotional thoughts and feelings, through the tones of that grand instrument, with all its combined power and richness, then I say, in my amazement, "Fool! fool! that I should have supposed that I had ever heard this organ!" I had heard every one of its stops, and had some conception of what it would be to hear them after they were put together; but when I heard them after they were put together, I found that the conception which I had was entirely inadequate.

When I go up to heaven,—if it please God to give me admission to his presence,—I shall know what love is. I do know what love is—for is there no love on earth? I know what justice is—is there no justice on earth? I know what generosity is—is there no generosity on earth? But when I stand in Zion, and before God, and see what infinite justice, infinite generosity, and infinite love are; when I see that they have no bounds, no

latitude nor longitude, and that they have endless diversities and combinations, then there will rise upon my thought a conception of God's majesty, and riches, and power, and grandeur, such that I shall say, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee;" but I shall not say, "I repent in dust and ashes;" for I shall be lifted up by the hand of God's love, I shall be called his own, and I shall be able to look him in the face, and stand as his redeemed child, spirit to spirit. I do know much of God; and yet, comparatively speaking, I know nothing of him. I do understand God, and yet, he passes understanding.

So you shall find other passages which go to show that God was revealed to men personally in those old times; but I cannot see how such conceptions of him as then existed came into their minds in any other way except by the infusion of the divine Spirit. By searching we cannot find out God; but we can find out much about him—enough to give us something to worship and to love.

RICHNESS OF THE BIBLE METHOD.

See how the Bible represents God, in order to convey an idea of his personality. See how he is brought down to our conditions. See how he walks and rides. See how all things in nature are made to speak of him. See how he produces on the minds of children—Old Testament men—a sense of his personality.

Let any man read the book of Isaiah and say, if he can, that there has not risen on his imagination a most magnificent conception of a personal God, which has more than any abstraction or any metaphysical creation. There rises a majestic figure before the minds of those who read that book, which fills them with a conception of One whom they can adore.

Sometimes men say that the Old Testament is worn out. When the heavens are worn out and men no more need to understand God, then the Old Testament may be worn out, but not until then. I hardly hesitate to say that you could not understand the New Testament if it were not for the great and grand back-ground upon which God stands unfolded. The Old Testament is wonderfully adapted to the wants of the mind in childhood and in the savage state, and to the preparation of the mind, all through the different stages of civilization, for the higher condition of human culture. There is nothing like it. And it is a marvel to me, being, as it is, the work, not of one painter, but of many, and the illustrations being wrought out by one, and another, and another, all working together without jar or discord, and the result being a representation of a God so personal that when he is said to perform any function it is a *Person* that is conceived of as performing that function, and the sense of personality, made up of the various divine attributes, being larger and more influential than those same attributes taken separately.

The fault of men in preaching God is in not producing in their hearers a sense of his personality, although in the Bible the representation of that personality is such that, relatively, all other representations fall into insignificance in the comparison.

LEANNESS OF PHILOSOPHICAL METHODS.

Let any man take the Old Testament, and compare it with the efforts which have been made to represent God by any other method than this. I will not compare it with the efforts of pantheists—for I will not argue with mists; but let any man compare it with the efforts which have been made by Mansel. I do not know whether you have read his lectures. They are admirable; but in reading them I could not help feeling how weak they came out. It is pitiful to see how faint and feeble is the result of the efforts of a Christian philosopher, who meant to do well, in developing the unknowable.

I could not preach any such God as he and others portray. I had the good fortune to be pitched into the ministry headlong, without anything to do but to make men better—for really my stock of *theology that I believed in* was very small. I have increased it very much since, but it was meager enough then; and my business was to do what I could for men, and let theology take care of itself. I had nothing but the Bible to go to; and I remember times of deep water, when I took what I could get out of the Bible to help people with; and I went out to help them; and there was something that brought up the idea of God; and I fell back on the Old Testament, as well as on the New, for my conceptions of him. In my early ministry I studied to preach God so as to touch the imagination, the reason, and the affections of men; and I learned to have great respect for that element in preaching which develops steadily and continuously the attributes of the divine being in such a way as to give men an idea of a Person that they could love as well as fear.

Now, when I look at writers and scholarly men, and see how they have patched up their ideas of the unknowable God, and how they have analyzed God, I feel that if I had to preach those things in the pulpit I would throw sermon and book under the desk, and would never touch them again.

Look at Herbert Spencer's God. I do not revile Herbert Spencer; many of the stones that will shine out by and by in the completed temple of God will have come from his hands; but I think his writings should be taken as the disciples took the wheat, which they ate, *rubbing it in their hands*. In taking his philosophy you have to take a great deal of straw and chaff, as well as much wheat. As to his presentation of God, it is nothing. It is exactly what the annual joke of our Professor Snell, in Amherst College, was, when he said, "Gentlemen, you will perceive this invisible ball!"

Testing such men, and their reasonings, it will be found that they are like the Hirams that Solomon employed, who wrought in marble, and brass, and silver, and gold, and ivory. They are working, each in his own way, on that building of God which is being carried up through the ages. If you look at that which any one of them is doing by himself, it seems like poorness, indeed; but if you take a comprehensive view of that which they are all doing, you will be surprised at the richness of it.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Now, there is nothing that will fill your soul like the representations of God in the Old Testament and in the New; and do not separate the Old from the New when you are studying the character of God. You cannot get along without them both. Your Christ cannot at any other time be such a Christ, nor such a representation of God, as when you see the person of Jehovah as he is described in the Old Testament.

In preaching God, assume the truth of his existence; and preach so that your people shall see that he is a living Person, with whom they can hold commerce.

GOING HOME.

BY MRS. J. G. BURNETT.

OH, am I so near the bright river
That flows by yon heavenly shore?
Have sorrow and tears fled forever?
Pale Grief, shall I know thee no more?
To my heart thou hast not been a stranger
Through all the long years that are past.
Ah, bright Joy, thou fair, fickle ranger,
I bid thee a welcome at last!
Come, fold thy still fluttering pinions,
And make thee a home in my breast,
For in yonder bright, starry dominions
Each dweller may claim thee as guest!
And open yon portals of glory,
Ye angelic warders, I come—
Forgotten my life's anguished story
In the light and the welcome of home!
For waiting there, waiting to greet me,
Are dear ones I once would recall,
And hasting with swift feet to meet me
The one that is dearer than all!
Oh, Life of my life, Husband, Lover,
My heart throbs with rapture anew
As I feel the strong waves bear me over
To life and to love and to you!
When again thy strong arm shall enfold me,
And I know that we never shall part,
Thy fond lips once more shall have told me
My love is the life of thy heart—
When heavenly love shall have brought me
The grace to be worthy of thine,
And thine in its turn shall have taught me
The better to know love divine—
Thy dear hand shall then lead me over
The path thou must often have trod
To the feet of the gracious Jehovah,
The Saviour, the Incarnate God!
And while we are vainly expressing
The bliss that we scarcely can bear,
We will plead for his Infinite blessing
On the life that is waiting us there!

But e'en as I sing I am nearing
The shores of the bright summer land,
The mists from the mountain-tops clearing,
All purple and azure they stand!
Soft breezes sweet perfumes are bringing,
In the sunlight the silver sands gleam,
And see, there are baby-hands flinging
Bright roses far out on the stream!
Each wave is now deeper and stronger,
Each one bears me nearer the shore—
O mortals, I see you no longer!
O friends, I can tell you no more!

BATH, L. I.

THE NEW SWISS REFORMATION.

BY LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

GENEVA, January 12th, 1874.

I CAME home yesterday from a visit to Father Hyacinthe's, feeling somewhat as Christian did in the Pilgrim's Progress when the Interpreter had shown him the man in the cage. There sat next me at the family dinner-table a mild-spoken gentleman, with an expression of patient suffering on his face, who looked as if he might be sixty years old; he is really forty-two. Persecution and imprisonment at the hands of the Holy Inquisition have consumed his strength, and left lasting marks upon his person. And yet this man is in regular standing as a high prelate of the Church of Rome. His crime has been that he has faithfully followed the teachings and example given him twenty-eight years ago by Pope Pius the Ninth at the beginning of his pontificate.

His name is Domenico di Panelli, and his title is that of Archbishop of Lydda (Palestine), *in partibus infidelium*. He is a native of Naples, but was drawn with a boy's enthusiasm into the train of the liberal young Pope Pius. His social standing and family influence gave him a place at the papal court. When the storm arose in 1848, and the Pope was obliged to take refuge from his subjects in a fortress of the tyrant of Naples, Panelli followed his fallen master to Gaeta. He returned thence to Rome, to see all the hopes of reformation in Church and State which had brightened the dawn of this memorable pontificate clouded over, and the terrified Pope given up helpless into the hands of the Jesuits.

Asking himself whither he could turn, in hope of a purer Church, it was not strange that he should look anxiously toward the East. He went back to the original fountain of Christianity at Jerusalem, and sought admission into the Greek Church. He devoted himself to learning the Greek and Arabic languages so as to be able to preach in them. He rose to the highest rank in the clergy, being made archbishop. He labored at Jerusalem, in Lebanon, in Constantinople. But it will be no wonder to American Protestants that he felt disappointed of what he had sought in the Greek Church. Seductive promises and assurances were sent to him and to others from Rome—always ready to compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte—and under the pressure of these he returned, bringing with him an eminent Greek prelate, Archbishop Eusevidis, of Nablous, by whom he had been consecrated to the episcopacy, and who was afterwards one of the resolute minority in the Vatican Council, on the question of infallibility.

He was received by the Latin Church to the same rank and dignity which he had held in the Greek; for Rome does not question the validity of Greek ordination. Instead of being the Greek Archbishop of Lydda, he is now the Catholic Archbishop, under the Greek rite. But he found himself, on returning to his native country and to Rome, in the hands of those whose tender mercies are cruel. Rome, it is said, never forgives nor forgets. He was recommended to make a "retreat" for a month in the Dominican Convent. After the month had ended, the Superior found him preparing to leave. "So you are proposing to go out into the city?"

"Certainly, Father; I trust you have no objection to it."

"But could I not send for you to have your commissions executed?"

"Thank you, no. I prefer to go myself, if you do not object."

"Hm! ha! The Holy Father loves you *very* much; you shall be well cared for amongst us."

The truth opened upon his mind. He was a prisoner. All his requests for liberty to communicate with the world were politely evaded or refused, until one day, when, to his surprise, instead of a denial he received a consent. He took his leave of the convent and went as far as the outer door, on opening which he found gens-d'armes waiting for him on either hand. He was seized, placed in a carriage, whirled away to a jail, and ushered into an ante-chamber of it, into the presence of the jail officials and certain Dominican monks. The distresses of the previous weeks, the gloomy facts and worse uncertainties of his present situation, and the shock of seeing the irons produced with which he was to be fettered, were too much for his bodily strength. He sank helpless to the floor. Instead of bestirring themselves to get the sufferer a drop of water, the bystanders broke out into a brutal laugh.

It gave one a strange feeling to hear such a story of suffering and cruelty from the lips of a meek Christian clergyman—telling it over, in his broken French, with great dramatic expression and gesticulation. It seemed like a leaf out of an old chronicle of the cruel days before the Reformation—such as we see illustrated in the dungeons and *oubliettes* of many an old castle, and in the infernal torture-chambers of Nuremberg and Ratisbon and Venice. And yet this was in the year of grace 1863. Nowhere but in Rome have the usages of those bloody days dared to linger and affront the eyes of this generation!

The poor man came out of his imprisonment wrecked in health, and plundered of all his property, even to the crosier and cross and miter of his office. It is only within a few weeks that he has placed himself, timidly and cautiously, as one who is haunted by suspicious enemies, in communication with those in ecclesiastical position at Rome who are in confidential communication with the Swiss Catholic Reformers. I need not assure you that he has been received, as soon as they have fully satisfied themselves about him, with a most thankful welcome. Their salutation to him has been that of Cornelius the centurion to Peter: "Thou hast well done that thou hast come." His presence enables them to complete their ecclesiastical organization. Rome may anathematize and excommunicate; but Rome believes in "the indelibility of orders," and she cannot disown the validity of his episcopal acts. Of course he will have no status in the National Catholic Church of Switzerland until after due election by clergy and people and approval by the government. But already he has begun to render episcopal services. A candidate for the priesthood, who has long waited for this opportunity, has been privately admitted to the minor orders; and at the close of the mass at St. Germain's, yesterday morning, the Archbishop of Lydda pronounced the episcopal benediction.

If the lives of this group of clergy who have gathered about Hyacinthe, and whose number is growing every week, could be written down, what a strangely interesting book they would make! I am glad to say that one of them has already written down his reminiscences, and published them under the title, "*Souvenirs d'un Missionnaire.*" [*Missionary*, in the Roman Catholic dialect, means *Revivalist*.] And when the Abbé Marchal's book, with its personal anecdotes and strange experiences, in church and battle-field, in France, Italy, Algiers, in the trenches at Metz, and the Reformation in Geneva, comes to be translated and printed, as I trust it soon will be, you will have an interesting glimpse of life in the Roman priesthood.

Books and Authors.

RECENT BOOKS ON ART.

Art Culture: A Hand-Book of Art Technicalities and Criticisms, Selected from the Works of John Ruskin, and Arranged and Supplemented by Rev. W. H. Platt. New York: John Wiley & Son.

The Grammar of Painting and Engraving. Translated from the French of Blanc's "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin." By Kate Newell Doggett. With the Original Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and their Works. A Hand-Book. By Clara Erskine Clement. With Illustrations and Monograms. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

An Art Tour to Northern Capitals of Europe. By J. Beavington Atkinson. New York: Macmillan & Co.

In the first of the books which we have mentioned above Mr. Platt has worked out an idea so striking for its attractiveness and utility that, on perceiving it, we at once go to wondering that somebody else had not executed it before him: he has gone over the vast and superb areas of John Ruskin's writings, and cutting out one block here and another there, as it suited his purpose, has put all these parts together again into a literary mosaic, constituting a clear and harmonious system of art principles, wherein Ruskin all the while is the teacher, though he is made to teach in a strict and regulated fashion quite new to him. Thus, from Ruskin's *Queen of the Air* Mr. Platt has drawn a fitting introduction, expounding certain fundamental propositions in Ruskin's system of the ethics of Art. Proceeding to the subject-matter of the book, the compiler throws it into the three grand topics of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. Beginning with Painting, which he subdivides into Subject Art and Landscape Art, he arranges his author's opinions under successive chapters upon the Value of Art, Schools of Art, Art Language, Thought and Laws, Lines, Composition, Tone, Light, Color, Chiaroscuro, Perspective, Classes of Landscape, the Motive of Landscape, Sketching from Nature, Perfectness of Sketching, Foregrounds, Backgrounds, Distance, and Distance and Indistinctness as dependent on the focus and on the power of the eye. The discussion of these topics, and in just the order here named, constitutes the larger portion of the book, nearly four hundred pages. The rest, about a hundred pages more, is occupied with the subjects of Sculpture and Architecture, which are dealt with, though more briefly, with the same exact and logical sequence of subordinate topics. In the process of this compilation, the editor seems to have consulted diligently the entire body of Ruskin's writings, both the earlier and the later, and to have made his drafts upon them with excellent judgment. It is no part of our present purpose to enter into discourse upon the exact value or the consistency or the probable permanence of Ruskin's opinions upon Art; but, leaving this matter aside, we will only say that whosoever wants those opinions in more compact and systematic form than the author himself has given to them can now have them of Mr. Platt. He has reduced Ruskin to a code. We must not dismiss the book without an allusion to the numerous and admirable illustrations with which it is enriched, and to the explanatory and critical glossary of art-terms and to the chronological list of painters, sculptors and architects which Mr. Platt has appended to the text, and which will be highly serviceable to every student of Art. Upon the whole, we see not what this book lacks of being a complete text-book of the Gospel of Art according to St. John Ruskin.

The Grammar of Painting and Engraving, which in its original form has made a reputation in France, and which comes to us in the carefully-wrought translation and alteration of Mrs. Kate N. Doggett of Chicago, is quite remarkable among the books of the year as a specimen of taste and skill in book-making. The paper and letter-press are of the best, and the illustrations, which are many, are from the original French edition. For example, we have Bellini's Enthroned Virgin, Raphael's Elymas, Rembrandt's Supper at Emmaus and Sacrifice of Abraham, a portrait of Holbein, and other pieces by Barye, Claude Lorraine, Paul Potter, Albert Dürer, Ingres, and many more. In his vivacious and very French address "To the Reader," M. Blanc has explained the nature of his book by telling how the idea of writing it arose in his mind. It was at a dinner party of notable men that M. Blanc once got into a discussion upon the Arts, and had occasion to protest against the adage quoted there: *On ne peut disputer des gouts;* and upon the inquiry being made by one of the company for a book in which the elementary notions of art were presented "in a form simple, clear, and brief," M. Blanc conceived the idea of this book. His own expression is thus the best account of the plan and spirit of the book which he has made. As to the skill with which he has done his work, we may safely say that he has exhibited the genuine and innate aptitude of a Frenchman for lucid and logical exposition, for vivacity of style, for happy illustration, especially in the form of neat and effective anecdote. He deserves especial praise for being willing to deal with topics that are easily made technical in language that is not so, and for the consistency with which he adheres to the opinion that "the time has passed in which writers can shut themselves up in a sort of Freemasonry, interdicted to the vulgar." He shows a considerable acquaintance with literature as well as art, although in the former he is occasionally betrayed into a blunder which shows inattention. For example, he asks, "What would Voltaire think, what would he say, could he open certain books upon æsthetics published since his day?" and as an example of a book published since Voltaire's day, he mentions Burke "On the Sublime and Beautiful," which was published at least thirteen years before Voltaire's day was over. However, these are but trifles. In the main, we may truly say of the book that it is an ingenious, eloquent and stimulating treatise upon a noble art.

The book by Clara Erskine Clement mentioned at the head of this article is exactly what its title represents: it is a Handbook upon the artists of all times, the works they wrought, and the leading traits of their characters and lives. It is a sort of biographical dictionary for that department of human greatness. It is itself an admirable piece of workmanship, representing a large range of reading and art-study; and by the alphabetical order of its names and its full indexes it enables any reader to find with entire facility whatever it contains.

One object which many Americans will have in view in getting the books already named will be to qualify themselves for making the best use of a tour in Europe. They are all worthy of attention as contributing to this result; and in Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson's *Art-Tour to Northern Capitals of Europe*, we have a charming example of the way in which an accomplished art-student may cause such a journey to be subservient to his own pleasure and culture, and to the benefit of those who may read what he writes about it.

NOTES.

The death of Agassiz has given a new interest to the writings of a man who was in his life-time always interesting, and we are not surprised to see that Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have issued a new edition of Agassiz's book on *The Structure of Animal Life*. This book is composed of six lectures delivered in 1862 under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute.

The second number of the *International Review*, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., fully sustains the promise of its beginning. It opens with the first of a series of articles by Thomas Hughes on "The Working Classes of Europe." Philip Gilbert Hamerton gives from the large stores of his reading and with all the charms of his liquid style an interesting and valuable article of gossip on "The Practical Work of Painting." Besides these are articles from Prof. J. E. Hilgard, Dr. McCosh, and Amasa Walker respectively on "The Transit of Venus," "Upper Schools," and "Our National Currency."

Of the making of books of European travel there is no end, and J. B. Lippincott & Co. send us the latest proofs of the fact in two volumes, one by C. C. Fulton, entitled *Europe Viewed through American Spectacles*, and the other by Elizabeth Peake, entitled *Pen Pictures in Europe*. They simply tell again the same old, old story, with the few individual variations that every separate experience will furnish. The latter work is specially notable for its illustrations, which are numerous and in some cases very good.

We have several times hitherto referred to the *Bible Commentary*, in process of publication by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. The work is wholly done in England, being edited by F. C. Cook, M. A., Canon of Exeter and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. The plan of the publication is to give the authorized version, together with a revision of it by bishops and other clergy of the Anglican Church, and to accompany the text with a brief explanatory and critical commentary. The concise, clear and scholarly manner in which this commentary is made deserves great praise. The publishers have just sent us the fourth volume, which includes Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon.

As those who knew the age and the condition of Dr. Strauss predicted, his most recent work, *The Old Faith and the New*, was also his last. As the book has been sufficiently noticed, as to character and scope, by a recent contributor to this paper, and its now deceased author has been the subject of editorial review, we content ourselves with saying a word or two as to points not connected with its contents. Henry Holt & Co. know how to print books handsomely; why should they make up two volumes in one, with two sets of numbers on the pages, but no title for the second volume? The translation, by Mathilde Blind, should have been more carefully revised. We have noted a number of ugly lapses in the English of it, as, for instance, in vol. 1, on page 27, the phrase "in a different manner by *all*" (instead of *each*), and on page 137, the surprising barbarism "everything depended *as to whether*" (for *on the question, whether*). As to the views of Strauss, they are pretty well known, though they were modified from time to time. The present work is distinctly anti-Christian, or, as the free-thinkers of the day are fond of saying, "extra-Christian." It is not calculated to trouble Christians; and we should not think its barren consolations would be particularly acceptable to unbelievers.

It will be of interest to many of our readers to know that the *Eclectic Magazine* for March will contain Max Müller's already celebrated lecture on "Missions."—Robert Carter & Brothers have published in very tasteful form, a book of private devotion for morning and evening, bearing the picturesque title of *The Gates of Prayer*.—William Mountford, whose striking book on *Miracles Past and Present* has awakened much interest in the author, recalls himself to public remembrance by a new edition of another remarkable book first published many years ago. It is *Euthanasy*, being a series of colloquies, in the spirit of hope and religious thoughtfulness, on the most interesting subjects of life and spirit. The book is from the house of James R. Osgood & Co.—From Nelson & Phillips we have received the *Berean Question Book* for 1874; also the *Lesson Compend* for the same year by Rev. G. H. Whitney.—Professor John Stuart Blackie, the distinguished Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, and one of those manly and warm-hearted teachers whom all students love and honor, has thrown into three lectures the results of his experience and meditation on education, intellectual, physical, and moral. These lectures form a little book entitled *Self-Culture*, just published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. —*The Martyred Church* is the rather intense title of a little poem founded on an incident connected with the burning of Trinity Church in the great Boston fire. The poem, which displays much feeling rather than much poetic power, is by William F. Gill, and is published with many illustrations by Shepard & Gill.—We must not delay to mention as appropriate to the present season a volume of very devout and eloquent discourses called *Lenten Sermons*, by the Jesuit preacher, Paul Segneri. It is from the press of the Catholic Publication Society.—Francis Forrester has put Central Park to some unexpected and ingenious moral uses by writing a story "in which many beautiful and interesting objects" in that favorite spot are made to illustrate "the difference between a happy and a churlish disposition." The story is named *Little Peachblossom* and Nelson & Phillips are its publishers. It is specially intended for Sunday-schools.—The Rev. S. Hunt, D.D., of Lockport, N. Y., has compiled a *Hand-Book for Trustees of Religious Corporations in the State of New York*, giving the laws and legal forms now prevalent. It is published by H. H. Otis, Buffalo.

Two or three volumes of recent biography merit attention. One of these is *The Life of Gen. George Dashiell Bayard*, written by his father, Samuel J. Bayard, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Gen. Bayard who will be remembered for his gallant services in the war, and who was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, was of a noble and dauntless character worthy of the immaculate Captain who made the name of Bayard illustrious. Gen. Bayard seems to have been a great letter-writer, and his father is enabled to present the story of his life very largely in the General's own words. The work forms a pleasant addition to the records of personal valor and sacrifice which the war has bequeathed to us.—From a soldier who nobly wielded carnal weapons we turn to one who nobly wielded weapons that are spiritual. In the *Life-Story of Rev. Davis W. Clark, D.D.*, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, compiled from original sources by Daniel Curry, D.D., we have an account, somewhat heavily given, of one of those sturdy and effective ministers who have made the Methodist Church a great and benign power in the world.—Nelson & Phillips, who publish the book just mentioned, send us also *The Life of Rudolf Stier*, by Prof. John P. Lacroix, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, who has wrought from German materials a deeply interesting account of one of the greatest of Christian teachers and thinkers in our time.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[*The receipt of all books delivered at the Editorial Rooms of this paper will be acknowledged in its earliest subsequent issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Accompanying memoranda of prices are desirable in all cases.*]

Authors and Titles.	*Publishers.*	*Price.*
Ballard, Mrs. Julia P., "Seven Years from To-Night."	Congregational Pub. House, Boston.	
Bayard, Samuel J., "Life of Gen. Geo. D. Bayard."	Putnam.	1 75
Beard, M.D., Geo. W., "Legal Responsibility in Old Age."	T. L. Clacher, New York.	
Beardsley, D.D., E. E., "Life of Samuel Johnson."	Hurd & Houghton.	3 50
"Berean Question Book, 1874."	Nelson & Phillips.	40
Blackie, John Stuart, "Self-Culture."	Scribner.	1 00
Clark, Edward L., "Israel in Egypt."	Nelson & Phillips.	5 00
Curry, D.D., Daniel, "Life Story of D. W. Clark, D.D."	Nelson & Phillips.	1 50
Delesdernier, Emily P., "Fannie St. John."	Hurd & Houghton.	
Drake, Francis S., "Life and Correspondence of Major-Gen. Henry Knox."	S. G. Drake, Boston.	
Dupuy, Eliza A., "The Dethroned Heiress"	Peterson.	1 75
Earl of Derby, The (translator), "The Iliad of Homer," 2 vols.	Porter & Coates.	
Forrester, Francis, "Little Peachblossom"	Nelson & Phillips.	1 25
Hunt, Rev. S., "Hand Book for Trustees."	H. H. Otis, Buffalo.	50
Jenkin, Mrs. C., "Jupiter's Daughters."	Henry Holt & Co.	1 25
Lord Lytton (Bulwer), "Pelham" and "A Strange Story."	Lippincott.	
Lacroix, John P., "Life of Rudolph Stier."	Nelson & Phillips.	1 50
Macduff, Dr., "Gates of Prayer."	Robert Carter.	1 00
Mathews, Julia A., "Guiseppe's Home."	R. Carter & Bros.	1 10
"Methodist Episcopal Conferences, 1873."	Nelson & Phillips.	1 00
"Morrison, Mary, "Christmas Week," Cong. Pub. House, Boston.		
Mountford, Wm., "Euthanasy."	J. R. Osgood & Co.	2 00
Newby, Mrs. C. J., "Married."	Peterson.	50
" " " "Only Temper."	Peterson.	50
Owen, Robert Dale, "The Debatable Land."	Carleton.	
Proffat, John, "Woman Before the Law."	Putnam's Sons.	1 00
Rees, James (Colley Cibber), "Life of Edwin Forrest."	Peterson.	2 00
Schaff, D.D., Philip, "Commentary—The Minor Prophets."	Scribner.	5 00
Segneri, Paul, "Lenten Sermons."	Catholic Pub. Society.	
Taylor, Bayard, "Central Asia." (Illus. Library)	Scribner.	1 50
Tourjée, Dr. Eben (Editor) "The Tribute of Praise."	Nelson & Phillips.	1 00
Upham, Francis W., "Star of our Lord."	Nelson & Phillips.	1 75
Warner, Miss A. B., "Willow Brook."	Carters.	1 25
Warren, H. W., "Sight and Insight."	Nelson & Phillips.	1 25
Whitney, Rev. G. H., "Eclectic S. S. Library"	Nelson & Phillips.	60
Winkworth, Susanna (translator), "Theologica Germanica."	Macmillan.	1 25

We have also received current numbers of the following publications.

The Westminster Review—The Galaxy—The Catholic World—The Popular Science Monthly—Scribner's Monthly—St. Nicholas—Harpers' Magazine—Journal of Speculative Philosophy—The Medical Record—New York. The Atlantic Monthly—Old and New—Boston. Lippincott's Magazine—Philadelphia.

Business Department.

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OFFICE:
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JANUARY 1, 1874.

Amount of net cash assets, Jan. 1, 1873.....		$21,574,342 76
Income.		
Premiums and annuities...	$6,131,521 38	
Interest rec'd and accrued..	1,418,094 83—	7,549,616 21
		$29,124,458 97
Disbursements.		
Losses by death.....	$1,446,123 04	
Dividends and returned premiums on canceled policies.....	2,344,305 33	
Life annuities, matured endowments, and reinsurance.....	82,629 13	
Commissions, brokerages, and agency expenses.....	445,982 91	
Advertising and physicians' fees.....	145,593 67	
Taxes, office, and law expenses, salaries, printing, revenue stamps, etc.....	259,045 57	4,693,579 65
		$24,430,879 32
Assets.		
Cash in Trust Company, in bank, and on hand.....	$1,661,537 85	
Invested in United States, New York State, and other stocks (market value, $4,937,330.24).....	4,850,195 20	
Real estate.....	1,768,174 14	
Bonds and mortgages (secured by real estate valued at $44,000,000; buildings thereon insured for over $13,760,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	14,455,265 23	
Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to $4,062,419.96)...	962,112 93	
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1874.....	451,365 83	
Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, $800,000, included in liabilities).....	287,306 34	
Amounts due from agents..	26,459 77	
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1874.....	175,831 98	
		$24,430,979 32
Add.		
Excess of market value of securities over cost.....		87,125 04
Cash assets, Jan. 1, 1874.....		$24,518,004 36

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1874.....	$271,655 00	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	207,715 00	
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies insuring $122,594,273.00, participating insurance (at 4 per cent., Carlisle net premium); and $1,078,348.65 non-participating (at 5 per cent., Carlisle net premium).....	22,097,449 28	
Dividends outstanding.....	208,630 57—	22,775,449 85
Divisible surplus.....		$1,742,554 51

From the undivided surplus of $1,742,554.51, the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend, available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies, proportioned to their contribution to surplus.

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The Christian Union

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1874.

DEPARTMENTS OF THE PAPER.

Editorial Department.—All letters for this department, and all manuscripts offered for publication, to be addressed "Editor *Christian Union*, 27 Park Place, New York." Unaccepted articles will be returned, if, *at the time they are sent*, this is requested, and sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. Manuscripts not so accompanied will not be preserved, and subsequent requests for their return cannot be complied with.

The Publishers' Department contains nothing but matters relating to the business of the paper itself and its relations to Subscribers and Agents.

The Business Department contains advertisements set in "reading matter type" to make them more attractive.

The Advertising Columns contain advertisements more or less displayed, according to the taste of the advertuser, within due limits: rigidly excluding all patent medicines, surgical appliances, "blind" advertisements, and, so far as careful scrutiny will effect it, all objectionable matter of every kind.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER, Editor.

Carl Schurz has done his country good service by expounding in the Senate some of those fundamental principles of political economy which have had the sanction of the world's experience, and which some men high in station and authority are disposed to scout. On some subjects we might not think Mr. Schurz the wisest of counselors, but in regard to the financial situation, and what is necessary to bring the business of the country back to a sound basis, we could wish his voice might be heeded.

Light has been shed during the last few days upon two abuses so rank and infamous that Congress should make haste to correct them. We allude, first, to the "Sanborn contracts," so called, by which the Treasury has been systematically plundered for the benefit of unscrupulous agents and their confederates; and, secondly, to the system by which honest importing merchants have been harried and robbed, in the interest of rascally spies and informers, for technical violations of our complicated and disgraceful revenue laws. If Congress tolerates these abuses much longer, there will be too much reason to accept as true the statement that influential members of that body are in complicity with thieves and share their plunder. It will be easy to stop these frauds whenever Congress shall make an earnest and intelligent attempt to do so.

Poor, prostrate, plundered South Carolina! Let us hope that in the election soon to occur in that State, there may be a square fight between honest citizens on one side, and the thieving carpet-baggers on the other, and that the latter may be utterly and irretrievably routed. The extent to which the State has been robbed may be seen by the following comparison between the expenses of the Government in 1865 and those of 1873. The figures are official:

	1865.	1873.
Salaries	$76,481 63	$230,797 39
Public Printing	17,446 66	331,945 66
Legislature Expenses	51,337 00	201,339 47
Schools	5,579 45	361,101 37
Public Asylums	25,897 00	128,433 11
Contingent Funds	6,092 99	75,033 75
Sundries	83,413 31	298,668 85
	$280,248 04	$1,717,318 60
Deficiencies	000,000 00	540,328 00
Total	$280,248 04	$2,257,646 60

The woman's Temperance crusade goes on "from conquering to conquer." In some places it may have met with a check, but it is extending through Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, and other States, and movements have been made to introduce it in New York and New England. In whatever place its introduction has been the fruit of deep religious feeling and an overwhelming sense of the evils of the liquor traffic, and the women, with a powerful public opinion behind them, have confined themselves to persuasion and prayer, forbearing threatening, and showing a tender regard for the welfare of those engaged in the traffic, the effect has been marvelous. In some places, no doubt, the work has been marred by indiscretions, but after making due allowance for these, the practical results afford a grand illustration of the combined power of moral, social and religious influence over men hardened by a long course of wrong-doing. When men or women fight a great evil with God's own weapons of light and love, His spirit is always with them to inspire and guide.

OUR CENTENNIAL.

"IN the name of Heaven, why Rookery?" demanded Miss Betsey Trotwood. "David Copperfield all over! Calls a house a rookery when there's not a rook near it, and takes the birds on trust because he sees their nests."

A similar principle of nomenclature to that of the late Mr. Copperfield seems to have inspired the sanguine gentlemen who have our Centennial in charge. In the name of the fitness of things, why International? We call that occasion International which is peculiarly National, and take the co-operation of foreign powers for granted, because, under wholly different conditions, they have favored World's Fairs before.

That no skillfulness of Government forcing will make the products of all nations bloom on our somewhat barren stock, in two short years of experiment, seems to us as plain as that we ought not to desire any such prodigy. Americans go to Europe, as the grown-up child goes home. It holds for them, as it were, all those beautiful and antique household treasures which their immaturity has not yet been able to secure for themselves. They look, they admire, they obtain, if they can; they imitate, if they cannot. It holds, also, memories and traditions, shrines and places of pilgrimage, which draw Americans irresistibly. For two thousand years, art, literature, culture, invention, have adorned the country that so faithfully cherished them. In a word, Europe is not only the home of the peoples, it is their place of amusement, their sanctuary, their market, as well.

But what have we to draw the older nations hither? The sculptor has no time to spend at the pit where his marble is quarried. The designer in precious metals is not interested in the slow labors of the gold-beater. We are but quarrymen and artisans to the elder civilizations. Our best art and our best invention we have shown in Europe again and again. We have no architecture, monuments, statues, that the nations should hasten to see. Our brief history lives in the hearts of the people, but it has not clothed itself in forms that appeal to the imagination. We have, Heaven be thanked, no splendor of courts nor feudal pageantry to attract thoughtless admiration. Judged by the old world standard, indeed, we are the *parvenu*, the vulgar rich, among nations. If aristocratic and lavish Austria fails to succeed with a World's Fair, what chance has democratic and frugal America?

But suppose the popular superstition were a truth, and that the Universal Yankee had but to put his clever hand to the work to turn out a first class, ready-made, International Exhibition of the world's industries, why should he take that trouble? In 1876 we shall have completed one hundred years of existence under popular government. It certainly does concern not only ourselves but mankind to know whether what we have done in this country justifies our experiment. But that justification is not to be found in any comparison of our material productions with those of empires. If the last Connecticut churn be a better implement than the last English one, it does not logically follow that the republican principle develops a higher manhood than the monarchical. If our pianos have no equals, it is not proven that their makers or users come any nearer to an understanding of the harmonies of the universe than do the craven subjects of an effete tyranny.

The best work of this century of ours can be shown in no industrial palace. Indeed, at this moment, it cannot be shown at all, to the disbelieving. For its results are chaotic, perplexing, and contradictory. It consists of that magnificent hospitality, which, counting not cost, opened wide the doors of the nation to the poor, the oppressed, the ignorant, the superstitious, the degraded, incurring thus such difficulties of legislation and of social conduct as might well appall the oldest and firmest absolute monarchy in the world. It consists of that utter separation of Church and State which allows no belief to be orthodoxy, no doubt to be heresy, in the equal eye of the law. It consists of that faith in manhood which abolishes privileged classes, imposing equal obligations on citizenship, and offering equal honors to citizenship whether the citizen be poor or rich, great or small. It consists in that expression of the republican idea which gave to a million serfs freedom and the ballot, despite what worldly wisdom declared to be their incompetence for both. It consists in the discovery, which the generations have been slowly making, that the world is ruled too much, and that a paternal government must make a childish people.

Yet, to-day, to many patriots, even these great attempts seem our failures. Does not the land swarm with ignorant aliens, they exclaim, hostile to our institutions, our traditions, our faith? Are we not burdened with taxes to maintain almshouses and prisons for these? Because Protestantism is not the State religion, as it is the popular belief, does not Catholicism threaten to betray us? Because we have no privileged classes, does not ignorance crowd intelligence to the wall, and are not all our offices bought and sold for vulgar gold or the vulgarer influence of pot-house politicians? Because we did emancipate and enfranchise these hosts of slaves, is not half the land the prey of anarchy and corruption? Because we have no paternal government, look at the condition of our cities, their dirt, their disorder; look at the insolence of common carriers; look at our lack of art-galleries, of noble public buildings, of universities; look at our social chaos where the servant is indistinguishable from his master save by his greater independence.

Without doubt, all these disagreeable effects stare us in the face. They are the sediment of that rich wine which we are making for the world's cheer, and which a hundred years have not been long enough to settle. Let us not ask judgment on it, yet. We cannot afford to weigh our single century against the cycles of Europe and Asia, if visible results are to define the value of our theories. But we *can* afford to ask Europe and Asia to drop in friendlily at a family festival of ours, and see what we have been doing in industries, education, art, science, and efforts toward the general good. We can raise a noble building, beg every State and Territory to bring thither specimens of its most characteristic wealth, or production; so arrange these that their exhibition shall be full of interest and improvement, adorn the structure with our highest art, bring to the occasion our best oratory, and poetry, and music, and then go in thousands and tens of thousands to be kindled by the recital and the spectacle of our achievements into higher endeavors.

Such an Exposition might be made the most reverent memorial of the fathers, the most inspiring example to the children, the fullest expression of what the best Americans labor and pray to make America mean. It would not be so costly that we could not pay for it with easy frugality. It would not be a cheap imitation of London, Paris, and Vienna; to be opened by a pinchbeck court with ceremonies meant to be imposing and proving only pretentious, and to be closed, very possibly, by the sheriff. And it could not fail to be interesting because it would be genuine.

THE SEVERITY OF CHRIST.

WE are accustomed to think of Christ as embodied Love, and we associate with his name everything that is tender, winning, and sweet. We have separated that which Hebrews united, the father and the mother in the one name of Father. To say that Christ discloses to us the fatherhood of God is not enough; we recognize in him the *motherhood* of God. And yet, if we open the New Testament, and read the history of our Lord's life, almost every chapter reveals to us an aspect of severity. There are sentences that smite like a two-edged sword. There are words that burn like fire. They occur not once, or twice, but constantly. They are as much a part of the Christ of the New Testament as the tenderest love-words that John has recorded.

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom, in the day of judgment, than for you!" "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword." To his devoted disciple Peter he exclaims, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" And these tremendous utterances are pronounced, not shrinkingly, unwillingly, as by one on whom conscience lays an unwelcome burden of utterance. They come from the heart; they have life's blood in them; the "Get thee behind me, Satan!" is as genuine in feeling as that other word, "Simon, lovest thou me?"

What shall we say to these things? What place has this burning severity in the character of our merciful Saviour? What place has wrath in a

gospel of Love? Nay, since for us there can be no higher attainment than to be Christ-like, how are we, like him, to be angry yet sin not?

Christ is the manifestation of the Divine Nature. That Nature, in its inmost essence, in its infinite height and depth, is love. But Christ comes to us as Love saving men out of the evil that is in the world. There lies the back-ground to the glorious picture—the evil in the world. And while love is in conflict, it must be fire to burn as well as fire to warm; it must be lightning to reveal the abysses amid which we stand, as well as sunlight to smile upon us.

That great, awful fact, the existence of evil, will not be ignored. The fact stands unchanged by our philosophizing, as the mountains are unchanged by the geologists' theories about their foundation. We harden ourselves to deny the fact; to affirm that what seems evil is but another form of good; and when we sin a voice from the depth of our being pierces our sophistries, and, as with the voice of God, declares that sin is evil. Or, again, we strain our wistful gaze toward the farthest future, and would fain believe that at the end of all this there shall issue perfect good to all the universe. But what if it be so? The very wish in its intensity betokens more impressively than anything else our sense that at present all is not well; that we are encompassed by evil, and in a Divine deliverance is our only hope. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." That is the dying prayer of our Lord. All his life sets forth, in every act and word, that two-fold fact—evil engulfing men, and Divine love working to deliver them.

That deliverance is by conflict. The foes that assail men are mighty, only less mighty than God himself. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." There is no man who has really lived who has not in his own experience a full commentary on that declaration of the Apostle's. The foes that assail us, how terrible they are! Our lusts, our pride, our indolence, our covetousness, our revenge, how strong and crafty they are! With tears and prayers, with lookings unto God and putting forth our best strength, we do but wage a mingled warfare of victories and defeats. And each man's heart is in this the mirror of the whole human race.

It is to us men, to us, borne down and beaten by evil that is too mighty for us, that the Son of God comes, and takes our hand, and says: "Be of good cheer!" And at his divine touch, the heavens open to our blinded eyes, and we see Love sitting enthroned, and know that God is our Father, and heaven our proper home. And then we are left—not alone, for the Son of God is with us—not alone, for God's very being enfolds us—yet left to make our way against temptations, against a world of fleshly allurement, against a lower self that is our worst devil, upward, till we gain our higher selves, till we stand by Christ's side, till we see our Father's face and are like him.

That is the road on which our Lord Jesus Christ led the way for us. And when the way was barred for the feeble feet of any little child, he smote the opposer as with the arm of God. "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged around his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea!" "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." And to the hindrances *within* men—to the pleasant indulgences of sin, to the easy-going neglect of duty—he brings the same word of burning severity. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee! If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee! it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire." The servant who hid his talent in a napkin does not strike the imagination as a very bad man; it is only indolence that draws on him the sentence: "Cast him into outer darkness." Nay, things good and sweet in themselves, the love of father and mother, of wife and children, must be utterly renounced when they would make us deaf to the higher voice. "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

Take any one of these intense rhetorical figures as literal language of fact and it becomes absurd; but the great underlying truth in each can find no words that shall give to it expression weighty enough. They all say: "Live the true life, the life of purity, of aspiration, of love, the Christ-life; and let everything perish that would hinder that."

The highest human image of tenderness is a mother with her babe. Approach the babe to hurt it, and see what fire will flash from her! Our highest conception of the bliss of love is the bridegroom and the bride. Offer injury or insult to her, and all the manhood in him will flame out against you!

The soul that hungers and thirsts for righteousness—the heart that having fed on the husks of sin has tasted the father's forgiveness—the man who has within him a vision of Christ, an ideal of glorious manhood in which self is lost and love is all, unto which he may attain—that man should have in himself the spirit that was in Christ, to consume, as with a flame, the things that are base. That is "the wrath of the Lamb." To have that temper is to be "baptized with the Holy Ghost *and with fire*."

EDITORIAL INDEPENDENCE.

A WELL-KNOWN Boston publishing house have addressed to the advertising agent of the *Christian Union* the following note:

"BOSTON, *Feb.* 16, 1874.

"DEAR SIR: You will please consider all contracts with your paper cancelled, and we wish all advts. in same discontinued from date.

"Very truly yours,
"LEE & SHEPARD,
"*per* BREED."

We are informed verbally that the occasion of this withdrawal of advertising business is that we have, in our editorial columns, spoken somewhat strongly against the class of juvenile books which Messrs. Lee & Shepard publish. We are very sorry that a great house like that of Lee & Shepard should devote their large capital and admirable energy to publishing books which seem to us so reprehensible. Much of their catalogue is excellent, but the books of Oliver Optic and of the whole prolific class of writers of coarse and flimsy stories of adventure for boys are exceedingly pernicious. The firm has published so many books that have deserved and received our cordial approval, that we have been compelled to hold them in respect, notwithstanding their flashy books for boys. But we sincerely regret that they should do so foolish a thing as to attempt to throttle independent criticism by the withdrawal of advertising patronage. No journal worthy of the name is to be either bought or browbeaten. If the house of Lee & Shepard chooses to shut itself out from such an advertising medium as the columns of the *Christian Union*, it is the chief sufferer. We shall not criticise bad books more gingerly because somebody is sulky.

VARIETY IN CHARACTER.

HOW wonderful the provision for variety in human character! The prevalence of the principle, or law, of variety in all other departments of the universe is obvious. Forms, textures, hues, semblances—how infinitely diverse everywhere, from the simplest crystals, the earliest arrangements of the ultimate molecules of matter, up to the human organism, the most complex physical structure, standing erect and bearing itself whithersoever the informing spirit will. And how immeasurably does such variety enhance the beauty and charm of the world, investing every object with interest, and making each day a fresh surprise! Analogy suggests that a similar variety—a variety in unity, of course—obtains in the realm of character. How uninteresting and stupid would be a society where it did not! Like a large garden restricted to the culture of a single flower or shrub; like an immense city, all whose dwellings were after precisely the same pattern; like an enormous charity-school, all whose members have their hair clipped in just the same way, and are every day arrayed in frocks and pinafores of exactly the same cut and color. What nature demands is not that all souls should be alike, as though run in the same mould, or developed in the same way, and to the same extent. Nature detests such identity. Nor does it demand that all should strive after precisely the same result, any more than that trees, if endowed with consciousness, should all strive to bear apples, or pears, or cherries, or anything else to which they might take a fancy, and so the world be defrauded of the infinite number of graceful, shade-bearing, timber-making, and fruit-producing species which crowd the orchard and the wood. What Nature, what God is continually and in countless ways saying to each soul is, Be not another; be yourself. Adopt not another's mode of living, if the whim seize, and circumstances allow, but your own. Build not a brown-stone front because your neighbor Plutus has done so; go not into the wilderness for plain fare and high thought because eccentric Thoreau did. Seek the reproduction of no special type of excellence which the world critics have pronounced legitimate and worthy, but to evolve that which is correspondent to your own nature. If your faculties indicate that you were born to be a pine, an oak, or an elm in God's wood; or a peach, or apricot, or pomegranate in God's garden, be *that*, assured that each adds a different beauty to the landscape, and a rarer flavor to life. In other words, let there not be few or many well-filled pods of peas, or shining rows of pins, in the world, but as many *persons* as possible, each differentiated in some respects from all others

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

—The following note explains itself:

Editor of the Christian Union:

A correspondent in your issue of February 18th asks these questions:

"Is there an established church of 'Irvingites' in America? Can you put me in communication with the pastor?"

By "Irvingites" I presume your correspondent meant those Christians who, abiding in the Catholic and Apostolic faith, are looking for the coming of the Lord. A congregation of these believers worships in the "Catholic and Apostolic" Church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. D. M. Fackler, in West 16th Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. There are services daily, morning and evening, and a Eucharistic service on Sunday. Congregations exist also in Boston and Hartford. W. B. M.

—The *Evening Post* may be congratulated upon its good fortune in having engaged the services upon its editorial staff of Col. Albert G. Browne, of Boston, for several years past reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. He was the private secretary of the late Gov. Andrew, and at a still earlier date a journalist, having been connected with the Boston *Atlas* and the New York *Tribune*. He is a gentleman of high culture and sound judgment, and will be a valuable acquisition to the ranks of journalism in this city.

—The Boston School Committee is altogether too dignified to yield to the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the women elected to that body. They denied the women their seats upon the pretence that their election was unconstitutional; but now that the court of highest authority has decided against them upon this point, they have set the City Solicitor upon a search for some *statute* that can be twisted to their purposes. The leader in this war against the women is the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, who, from the depths of his respect and reverence for the *old* moon, always feels the utmost contempt for the *new* one.

—If Christians would not expose their protest against the theatre and its sad train of evils to contempt among theatre-going people, they should be careful to make no unfounded statements as to matters of fact. A dozen religious papers have cited Mr. Booth's failure as the result of his efforts to support the "legitimate drama" and maintain a respectable and decent place of amusement. "Only see," they say, "the theatre *must* be indecent or it will fail." Now, unless we are misinformed, Mr. Booth's failure was in no sense attributable to the cause assigned. No theatre, we are assured, was ever better supported than Mr. Booth's. It was usually packed from floor to ceiling, thousands of people going there who rarely or never attended any other theatre. But Mr. Booth, so we hear it said, erected an unnecessarily costly building, while his expenditures for scenery, properties, wardrobes, etc., were upon a scale which the largest audiences were inadequate to support. It was not, we suspect, the "legitimate drama," but *illegitimate* financiering that overthrew Mr. Booth. But this does not impair the value of any legitimate argument against the drama, and the vices which flourish in its atmosphere. Because the Church of the Messiah built a too costly house of worship, and is likely to be sold out, would it be just in a believer in theaters to cite the case as an argument that Unitarian churches could not live in New York?

—The farm of those old-time thunderers for abolition, Stephen S. and Abby Kelley Foster, of Worcester, Mass., has been sold under the law for non-payment of taxes—payment having been resisted on the ground that Mrs. Foster is not allowed to vote. The taxes due amounted to upwards of $80, while the sum for which the farm was sold was $100. Of course, the purchaser will get a legal deed, but for all that the task of gaining possession will be difficult. Mr. and Mrs. Foster will not vacate, and we do not believe the authorities will dispossess them by force. Of course, the resistance to payment of taxes is not made for any factious reason, but to test a principle of the highest importance, and force men to see the injustice of denying the ballot to woman.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

1. *Suppose a man has some strong secret temptation that at times he cannot resist. Suppose that he is in the church and working with all his might to help others, going down into the depths of hell with remorse when he yields. Suppose that in spite of his trying, every now and then he does yield, what shall he do?*

WE cannot fully answer such a question while we are in darkness as to the real nature of the temptation. Some sins are sins of insanity. Some strong secret temptations grow out of associations that ought to be broken. It is better to pluck out the right eye than to keep falling into hell in this way. Examine yourself and see whether your own hand does not spare to exterminate the sin when it is in your power. You have allowed yourself to become demoralized and discouraged by repeated failures. Do not admit to yourself that you are to go on being defeated in this way. It is possible that open confession might work your deliverance. Remember that deliverance from your sin is the chief thing, and that it will be cheaply purchased at any amount of suffering. If your sin is a sin of sensuality, you probably encourage it by high living, or indolence, or the character of your company, reading, or meditations. By all means continue to help others—that will bring help to you. But one who is thus conscious of sin should take the very lowest place among his brethren, and should humble himself before others, remembering also what dishonor his sin may bring upon the cause of Christ, and what a rock of offense he may become if he permit himself to be lifted into places of dignity and honor in the church. Let him never palliate his offense to his own conscience, but hate it and execrate it as the devil that works him so much woe. Finally, let him find comfort and peace in the sympathy and long-suffering love of Christ.

2. *John represents our Savior as saying, "It is finished," when he died, and Luke represents him as saying, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Which are we to accept as his last words?*

No doubt he uttered both in his last moments. John states what he remembers, and Luke the words which struck his own mind or that of his informant most forcibly. Why shall we interpret Scripture more narrowly and literally than we do any other writings?

3. *Do you think there is anything pernicious in reading such anecdotes as "Uncle Daniel's Prayer" in the "Gilded Age"? I find such prayers used in many places intended to excite laughter.*

We have not read the anecdote in question, but we do not think that genuine religion will ever suffer damage by a good-natured laugh at the eccentricities of its followers. Religion is not a thing to be done up in lavender and to be spoken of with bated breath. The very use of a sense of the ludicrous is to discriminate between what is outward, accidental, and discordant, and what is real and substantial. It is well to remember, too, what Chalmers in his "Bridgewater Treatise" says; in substance, that mirth is useful when it dissipates the seriousness of care, and is pernicious when it dissipates the seriousness of responsibility.

4. *Is a Methodist minister in this place right in refusing the proceeds of a well-conducted social dance, offered him for the rebuilding of the church edifice which was blown down, when he has solicited money from every grog-seller in the place for the same purpose?*

If he believed the dancing wrong he surely had a right to refuse the proceeds of a dance, lest he might give it countenance. On what ground he could take the proceeds of the liquor traffic we do not know.

5. *Why do most religious denominations keep the first day of the week instead of the seventh?*

The beautiful custom of keeping the day of our Lord's resurrection instead of the seventh day came into the church very early. But it is only in modern times that it has been attempted to erect it into a strict Jewish Sabbath. The very change of day shows that the apostolic church did not regard themselves bound to keep the literal Jewish Sabbath, nor to keep any Sabbath with a literal and ceremonial severity. The Christian religion is not a religion of times and seasons, of rites and observances, but a religion of purity, benevolence and long-suffering. The observance of the Lord's Day derives its importance from its blessed influences.

6. *Where can the work of Agassiz be found which asserts the separate origin of the different races of men?*

We do not know whether Agassiz expressed such views in any of his works or not, but it was well known in scientific circles that he held them. One of his assistants assured us many years ago that such were Prof. Agassiz's opinions, and we have an impression that he very early in his career published something of the sort.

7. *When Christ says "thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," what rock does he mean?*

Undoubtedly he meant Peter, as the plain import of the words implies. Protestants have no more right to twist Scripture than Catholics, and not half so much necessity. But the building of his church upon Peter—that is, the founding of the Jewish and then of the Gentile churches by Peter's preaching—is one thing. The making an infallible Pope out of the very fallible Simon Peter is another and wholly different thing, not found in this or any other text. And when it is demanded that we shall, moreover, see not only Pope Peter I., but likewise the infallible Pope Pius IX., and all the motley crew that come between, sticking their heads out of this one verse, we confess that such knowledge is too high for us.

8. A "poor girl," who is "nothing but a child yet," but who has "a great talent for learning," and who has to work for her living, wants us to advise her what books she should study. We cannot do that, for we do not know enough about her. But if she will let sensational novels alone, and read books of history and travel, she will soon cultivate a taste that will be her best guide.

9. *What is the best commentary on the Bible for Sunday-school teachers?*

We know of none better than Barnes's, though there is need of one that shall be fresher, and that shall contain the latest results of Biblical study.

10. *Will you kindly mark out a course of reading for a young lady just out of school? I have read Scott, Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, Muloch, Stowe, and the modern poets. Also a number of Shakespeare's plays, and Pope's translation of the Iliad.*

We cannot mark out a course of reading, for two reasons. One, that all courses of reading are stiff arrangements that do not work well, and the other that they are things which nobody follows. Better read the best book that occurs to you. We may suggest that you have shown good taste in reading the best novelists. But you have read too many novels and too much poetry for your other reading. Try some books that cultivate your critical taste, such as Macaulay's Miscellanies or Matthew Arnold's Essays on Criticism, for instance. Or books of essays like those of Lamb, De Quincey, Emerson, or Arthur Helps. By all means add some history, beginning with those which are most pleasing—Motley and Prescott for example. Some philology—Marsh, Max Muller, and especially Whitney's admirable *Language and the Study of Language*, will be most valuable; and such scientific works as those of Agassiz, Gray, Tyndall, Huxley, Faraday, Hitchcock, Dana, etc., should by no means be omitted.

10. MINOR QUERIES.—(1) "Alice" is informed that a newspaper editor should be furnished with the *real* name of the writer. Only a false modesty could prompt her to wish to keep her name a secret from an editor who will not remember it any longer than he has occasion to. (2) A husband and wife should by all means say "please," and "thank you." Domestic happiness is founded on just such little things. A truly polite man will not neglect such courtesies, above all toward children and servants. Husband and wife should treat each other with more consideration than they show to anybody else. But domestic life should not be stiffly ceremonious. (3) *Good Words*, published by H. W. Adams, New York, and *Everybody's Paper*, published in Chicago, are excellent illustrated papers for distribution. (4) Dio Lewis may be addressed care of "To-Day Publishing Company," 735 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

TO-MORROW.

BY IONE.

TO-MORROW is an island far away,
Whose looming splendors in perspective rise,
To lure us with its mirror-views by day,
And beacon lights adown the sunset skies;
It takes unto itself such mystic shapes,
And has so many fair disguises worn,
No wonder that suspicious Nature drapes
Its haughty presence as "the dread unknown."

There are who so delight in wiles of chance,
They madly throw away all present good,
The glow of their ambition to enhance
In the rude contest with vicissitude.
The mad illusion goads them on apace
To wrest the sweetness out of each to-day,
And venture all in some Herculean race,
Where life is in reprisal thrown away.

To-morrow is the offspring of to-day,
And cheats us grandly in its proffered joy,
As with our treasures it recedes alway
And leaves us but the ashes of alloy:
Who lives upon its promises shall find
That sure betrayal is the boon for trust,
That hopes committed to the fickle wind
Leave their crown-jewels buried in the dust.

There is a doubtful purpose in delay,
Love brooks it not—it is the curse of time;
The soul that cannot meet its needs to-day,
Tho' Heaven-commissioned, better once resign!
To-morrow never comes! 'Tis but a cheat
Upon the fair and open face of day—
A sweet delusion, to entice our feet,
And to involve and complicate our way.

Now is the key-note of Life's blessed psalm,
Which few can render with artistic skill,
In whose immortal cadence dwells the charm
Of noble effort, blending with God's will!
All things are possible of which we dream;
Faith works her problems out to find them real;
Trust Heaven for that which must remain unseen,
And lift the soul unto its own ideal.

To-morrow is, perchance, th' eternal day,
On which no sun shall rise, or twilight fall,
Its presence to surprise, and to portray
The miracle of death unto us all!
Postpone no proffered good the present brings,
It is the foretaste of Divine repast,
The vestibule of Heaven—whose chimes shall ring
In glad To-morrow—when to-day is past!

The Sunday-School.

A LAYMAN'S BIBLE-CLASS.

Every Sunday afternoon at five o'clock quite an audience of young and old people gathers at Association Hall in this city to hear a layman's exposition of the Scriptures. The meeting is known as "Dr. Thompson's Bible-Class." Two or three years ago it was started with a small number of regular attendants, while now some three or four hundred persons are present every week. The leader is Dr. William M. Thompson, a young physician of New York, the son of the Syrian missionary of the same name who is better remembered as the author of that widely-read work, *The Land and the Book*. Having made himself thoroughly familiar, both by travel and research, with Palestine and other Bible countries, Dr. Thompson brings to his class-meeting a fund of ready and accurate information which few are fortunate enough to have the opportunity of acquiring. The class is conducted in a very simple manner. Dr. Thompson opens with a brief prayer, opens his Bible, refers to the passage to be considered, and his hearers turn to the same, Bibles being provided at the Hall for all who come. He then proceeds in a quiet, easy, conversational style with his points and explanations, holding the attention of his audience not only with the clearness in which he presents his thoughts, but with the general freshness with which he contrives to invest the subject of each lesson. Hardly less could be expected from any one in the same position with a mind as well stocked and a disposition as willing to impart information to others. But it is not mere technical information that Dr. Thompson gives his class. He rather unfolds the subject in hand through his facts, and subordinates everything to a rightful understanding of what the class is considering or studying at the time. One charm of the exercise is that it is conducted out of the beaten track. The leader in describing the condition of affairs, or an individual's circumstances in patriarchal or apostolic times, generally contrasts them in a happy manner with the same in present times, and in this way manages to make his descriptions real, and not distant and mystical. While the expositions breathe a thoroughly Christian and reverent spirit all through, they are, at the same time, straightforward, practical, suggestive, and uncommonly instructive. Dr. Thompson, if the expression will not be misunderstood, entertains his hearers, which can be said of but very few leaders of Bible-classes. He entertains them with apt similes, incidents, fugitive facts, and personal experiences, which give a certain richness and novelty to his explanations that, besides keeping the attention of the audience at the time, help greatly to fasten the underlying instruction well in the mind. For instance, on Sunday, the 22d ult., the book of Exodus was begun, and in one hour the class was practically brought face to face with the times of Moses, and inducted into the very habits, institutions, and modes of thought marking the life and character of both the Egyptians and the enslaved Israelites. Moses was made a very real character and the salient features of the whole subject up to the crossing of the Red Sea were clearly and vividly brought out. Those who may have attended Association Hall for the first time on that day must have been very agreeably impressed with the hour's exercise, and could not wonder that so large a gathering should be present every Sunday. There is no intention here to indulge in any fulsome criticism of Dr. Thompson's Bible-class method of instruction; indeed, it deserves a more complimentary notice. We refer to it as something of an example in its way that could be followed out profitably by many other leaders, and we refer to it also to call attention to the class of men and women who might engage themselves in a similar work. Dr. Thompson is a practicing physician but he finds time to take hold of this Bible-class we have been speaking of, and make it an attraction in the highest sense. Why, now, should there not be many more like him engaged in a similar Sunday duty? The times call for the activity of the most competent Christian laymen in just such a field. The complaint comes up in increasing force that our Sunday-schools are not manned with as good teachers as they should have; that it is hard to find proper Bible-class leaders, and even Superintendents. Are there not hundreds of educated persons who could come up to meet this demand without so much as experiencing personal inconvenience? Lawyers—there must be many of them who would make the best teachers or leaders in the world. Their minds are already trained for exposition and clear illustration. They could bring to bear their own professional education to an investigation of Bible facts and truths. For lay expounders none could be found better fitted. Then physicians are eminently qualified for a similar duty, and business-men by study and reflection could put their views in direct and practical shape for the benefit of many a class in the Sunday-schools. It is all this unused material that has yet to be brought into the service of the Master, in some form or other, more than it is. The time is ripe for educated laymen to make their talents available for the benefit of others in this direction. We need many more Dr. Thompsons and their classes, whether conducted in the Sunday-schools or out of them.

We hear of "competitive examinations" in some of the Sunday-schools in England and in this country; says the *Advance*: "We think the plan may be a good one, particularly if they begin with that first question of Christ's examination of Peter, as they stood about that fire of coals on the shore of the Galilean sea: 'Lovest thou me?'"

The same paper states that it is a time of unusual interest in the Sunday-schools of Chicago: "Some of the prayer-meetings held, for ten or twelve minutes, after the lesson of the day, have been extremely pleasant and useful. So also we hear of revivals in all parts of the country. Everywhere it is mainly those in the Sunday-schools who are in the way of obtaining the blessing. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision! Alike for teacher and scholars it is a season of peculiar opportunity."

The oldest new scholar in the Sunday-school yet heard from is an "old mother, ninety-two years old, brought to school," in East Tennessee. The *Independent* is not sure whether she had taken all this time to consider the subject or had just heard of the Sunday-school.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU:

THE "POET-NATURALIST" OF CONCORD.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"My greatest skill has been to want but little. For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it." —H. D. T.

THERE is scarcely, in the history of American literature, so unique and individual a figure as Thoreau, after we have excepted Emerson and Hawthorne. And yet when one has read Channing's *Thoreau*—to which volume I would here acknowledge my indebtedness for most of the few facts I shall give you concerning the "Poet-Naturalist"—one seems rather to know of what manner of man he was, than much that he did. He was a creature of contradictions, in whom our complex human nature was more complex than usual. He loved solitude, and yet he delighted in companionship. To some woes he was as stolid and unsympathetic as an Indian. He had small pity for headaches or heartaches; and yet upon other occasions he could be tender as a woman. He resented, yet would not refute, a false accusation. He had a spiritual dignity which was almost arrogance, and which made him feel that no man's opinion was so important to him as his own. He was satisfied with the simplest attire, and yet was most fastidious as to the "cut" of his garments; which he said must be shaped to suit *him* as he was to wear them. Every one of his attributes was many-sided; and it is matter of curious interest to know what factors of descent, of culture, of occupation, of station in life, went to the making up of this character, so singular and so strong.

Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord, Mass., on the twelfth day of July, 1817. The old-fashioned house in which he was born—queer-shaped, with roof sloping nearly to the ground in the rear—is standing still, on the old Virginia Road, as it was when he first saw the light in one of its upper chambers. It was the house of his grandmother; and looked quite the traditional old New England farm-house, with its walls of grey, unpainted wood, and its great, grassy door-yard. The "Virginia Road" is a fascinating, deserted roadway, with tumble-down walls, and mossy banks, and ancient orchards beside it. Round the old brown house are sunny meadows, and, in front, a pleasant, running stream, like Tennyson's "Brook," goes on forever.

Thoreau's parents were active, vivacious people. His grandfather, on his father's side, was a Frenchman, coming from the Isle of Jersey, who married in Boston a Scotch woman called Jeanie Burns. On his mother's side, he descended from the well-known Jones family, of Weston, Mass., and from Rev. Asa Dunbar, a graduate of Harvard College, who preached in Salem, and at length settled in Keene, N. H. As variable an ancestry, as Channing remarks, as can well be afforded; with marked characteristics all round.

Of Thoreau's personal appearance, when he grew to manhood, the following vivid pen-portrait reveals traits sufficiently striking to have interested any physiognomist in the quiet man in grey:

"In height, he was about the average. In his build, spare, with limbs that were rather longer than usual, or of which he made a longer use. His face once seen could not be forgotten; the features quite marked; the nose aquiline or very Roman, like one of the portraits of Cæsar—a beak; large, overhanging brows, above the deepest-set blue eyes that could be seen—blue in certain lights, and in others grey, eyes expressive of all shades of feeling, but never weak or near-sighted; the forehead not unusually broad or high, but full of concentrated energy and purpose; the mouth with prominent lips, pursed up with meaning and thought when shut, and giving out when open a stream of the most varied and unusual and instructive sayings. His hair was a dark brown, exceedingly abundant, fine and soft, and for several years he wore a comely beard. His whole figure had an active earnestness, as if he had not a moment to waste. The clenched hand betokened purpose. In walking he made a short cut if he could, and when sitting in the shade, or by the wall-side, seemed merely the clearer to look forward into the next piece of activity. He was a plain man in his features and dress—one who could not be mistaken—and this kind of plainness is not out of keeping with beauty."

In the midst of rural Concord the boy Thoreau grew up to manhood. He drove his cow to pasture, like other boys; and was known by his fellows as a lad who did not fear mud or water. He was entered at Harvard College in 1833, and was a faithful student. He made no very intimate college friends; but he was greatly attached to his elder and only brother John, with whom he made a journey to the White Mountains in his early manhood. He was associated with this brother in the charge of the Academy at Concord, for a year or two, immediately after he left college. His next work was to build himself a small house close by the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord—a little shelter, where he could sleep or meditate. It had no lock on the door, or curtain to the window—it belonged to nature almost as much as to him. It has been remarked, sneeringly, that while Thoreau thus lived in hermitage, he never forgot his daily way to his mother's pantry. The truth was he never meant to forget it. His purpose was not at all to sever himself from his home, to which he was strongly attached, but to have an extra lodgment, so exclusively his own that he could retire there and be secure against interruption—at home with the solitude, the deep stillness, which he often said he found more suggestive than any company. He had a curious mechanical skill; and out of scanty bits of driftwood from his native stream he made himself chests and book-cases and cabinets. He bound his own books. Also, he was a good practical surveyor, and used by this profession to supply his few personal wants. He was very accurate in his measurements, and much sought as an adjustor of landmarks. Thus he came to see the inside of all the farmers' houses, and of their heads and hearts, also. To listen to gossip was a delight to him, because thus he could study characters: and he boasted that he could sit out the oldest frequenter of the bar-room, because he was alive from top to toe with curiosity. This curiosity concerned itself only incidentally with the affairs of his neighbors—it was awake in all directions. It sought out the haunts of the flowers, and the secrets of the birds. When he returned from a journey, he emptied his pack of shells, and seeds, and plants, and a score of similar treasures. He was always ready to share his discoveries and experiences with others—to "take one or twenty into partnership."

Thoreau was by nature a Stoic. He not only did not complain—he did not feel like complaining. He accepted any melancholy mood as a luxury, as one enjoys minor music. He voyaged about his river in December, when the drops froze on the oar, as cheerily as in June; and called the icicles "toys of immortal water, alive even to the superficies." His interest in swamps and bogs was keen—he loved everything that was wild. He must have been, unconsciously perhaps, an evolutionist. All growing things were alive to him. He hated to hurt a flower, and he wrote of his walks:

> "Kings unborn shall walk with me;
> And the poor grass shall plot and plan
> What it will do when it is man."

While, as I said, he was indifferent to the headaches and small megrims of his friends, great things moved him greatly. He was made ill by the John Brown tragedy; and the war of the Rebellion depressed him fearfully—he used to say he could never get well while it lasted.

His high moral purpose never deserted him. Early in life he resolved "to read no book, take no walk, undertake no enterprise, but such as he could endure to give an account of to himself." His moral qualities were the very foundation of his character, on which all the rest was built. Truth, he said, before all things—integrity above all—purity in all, even the faintest thought. A man who lived thus was certainly a religious soul; but he had no creed unless it were one so catholic as to embrace the world. He could sympathize with all religions, warm himself at every altar-fire. A friend once described to me a conversation to which she listened, in Concord, in Thoreau's time. A more orthodox person than it was usual to meet in those transcendental gatherings chanced to be of the party; and the talk turned on the tendencies of modern thought. "It seems to me we are going backward to Paganism," said the orthodox guest. Thoreau looked at her with his keen eyes. "Say rather *forward* to Paganism, madam," he said, with a solemn bow. He believed that we could not worship too much. "I would fain," he wrote, "improve every opportunity to wonder and worship, as a sunflower welcomes the light." "God could not be unkind to me if he should try," was a quaint expression of his faith. Again he said, "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear."

He declined all polite shams. He was not fond of visiting; but when invited he would never say it was not convenient, or not in his power, or he regretted, but always the unmitigated truth—"I do not want to go." Yet he had friends whose houses he frequented, and whom he loved with a steadfast affection. To the place of his birth he was as constant as the most faithful of lovers. He never lived much elsewhere, but he made various journeys; and neither Staten Island, or the White Hills, or New Bedford seemed anything worth even comparing to the hills and meadows of Concord. He found among these woods and fields unlimited material for his work as a naturalist; and continual delight for his perceptions as a poet. The river was his great blessing. On it he boated, in season and out of season; and whenever he chose he would put into shore to examine an animal or a plant, or get a wider view. The study of the river-plants never ended; the birds and the insects wooed him to the shores; fish and musquash, sun and wind, were all interesting. Next to Concord he liked Cape Cod, where he did his stint of walking, and the old Cods took him for a peddler with his pack.

Channing divides Thoreau's life into three parts—first, to the year 1837, when he left college; next, to the publishing of his *Week* in 1849, ten years after he he had made the excursion up the Merrimac River of which that work treats; and, third, from 1849 to the end. After he left college in 1837, he began to set down his thoughts in a diary, but it was not until after many years' practice that they assumed systematic shape. In 1842 he printed a paper in *The Dial*, and continued to contribute to that periodical while its lamp held out to burn. Also he wrote for *Graham's Magazine*, the *Democratic Review*, and other magazines; but his real career as an author commenced with the publication of *The Week*, in 1849. He published this book at his own expense; an expense which it cost him the labor of several years to defray; and from that time he was introduced to a larger circle of readers.

Then came "the log-book of his woodland cruise at 'Walden,'" which still farther increased his reputation as a writer. Lecture committees found him out to some extent, and he began to take more part in affairs. A list of his works can be found in any catalogue; I will not dwell upon them. They are full of flavor and originality—they must always command the best readers or none; but, after all, the man Thoreau was greater and more original than any of his works. He was a close reader of the best literature. He used to say to young students, "*Begin with the best*—start with that and never deviate."

As an honorary member, Thoreau belonged to the Boston Society of Natural History, to which body he left his collections of plants, Indian tools, and the like. Often in his life he sent them some wonder which he found, and he found more wonders than any other man. He had a firm faith that everything, tropic or polar, could be discovered in Concord, if one only looked long enough for it. "First," he said, "the idea or image of a plant occupies my thoughts, and at length I surely see it, though it may seem as foreign to this locality as Hudson's Bay is." He had caught wood-chucks by chasing them; but he failed in this experiment on a fox, catching, instead, a bronchial cold that did him great harm. He used to examine the squirrels' nests in the trees; and he climbed, successively, four pines after hawks' nests, and was much elated by the feat. Once he gathered the brilliant flowers of the white pine from the very top of the tallest tree; but such imprudent exertions strained him, and gradually impaired his health. Turtles were his pride and consolation. He piloted a snapping turtle, big enough to have carried the naturalist himself on its back, from his house to the river; and would sometimes hatch a batch of these Herculean monsters in his yard. The wood tortoise was another favorite of his. He wrote: "It is more glorious to live in Concord because the jay is so splendidly painted." His poetry was full of his subtle sympathy with wild nature. But, like all true poets, he dimly discerned the something beyond which forever eluded him. As he, himself, once sadly sang:

> "In vain I see the morning rise,
> In vain observe the Western blaze,
> Who idly look to other skies,
> Expecting life by other ways.
>
> "Amidst such boundless wealth without,
> I only still am poor within,
> The birds have sung their summer out,
> But still my spring does not begin.
>
> "Shall I, then, wait the autumn wind,
> Compelled to seek a milder day,
> And leave no curious nest behind,
> No woods still echoing to my lay?"

But he wrote again, in a gayer mood:

> "I sing but as the linnet sings,
> That on the green bough dwelleth;
> A rich reward his music brings,
> As from his throat it swelleth."

Says Channing: "No man had a better unfinished life. His anticipations were vastly rich: more reading was to be done—of Shakespeare and the Bible—more choice apple-trees were to be set. He loved hard manual labor, and wrought willingly and diligently in his business of surveying. He tried "to pay every debt as if God himself wrote the bill." He attained to beyond middle age, his plans growing more complete and more cherished. There were future books to be written; new details to be sought out concerning trees and plants; new acquaintances to be formed with birds and beasts. When he was forty-three the future looked to him very full of possibilities.

But, in November 1860, he took a severe cold, while counting the rings of the trees, and with snow already on the ground. This brought on a bronchial affection, which he greatly increased by lecturing at Waterbury. After this he tried to be careful, and even journeyed in search of health to Minnesota; but his malady maintained its hold on him. His trust in God's love never failed him as he went down the inclined plane of that terrible disease, pulmonary consumption. He worked steadily at the completing of his papers as long as he could hold the pencil in his trembling fingers; and, as long as he could possibly sit up, he insisted on having his chair at the family table, because it seemed so unsocial to take his meals alone. The last sentence he incompletely spoke contained but two words which could be understood, "moose" and "Indian." Then the world he had loved so well grew dim to his sight; and, at not quite forty-five years of age, (on the 6th day of May, 1862,) he closed his eyes on it forever. They laid his mortal ashes in the burying-ground at Concord; but the strong, free soul was gone—whither? He said once, on being asked his ideas concerning the future life, that he thought he should not go away from Concord. Who knows the locality of the Father's many mansions; or whether the "Poet-Naturalist" of Concord may not still float on the sweet waters, smell the pine's fragrance, and look in the shy eyes of bird and beast, there in the old haunts he loved so well? We do not see him, any more than we see the wind that fans our cheek; but he and the wind were kin. He was part of the dawn and the sunshine, and to the world he loved he can hardly be alien now.

MY HEART.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

IF you should see a statue, one
Whose marble name were Silence, sit alone,
Whiter than Death, and sadder, in the sun,
With stony finger press'd to lips of stone;

If from those lips, themselves so still,
A fountain's waters restlessly should start,
And make a little troubled moan until
They all were dry: this would be like my heart.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF LIFE INSURANCE.

BY ELIZUR WRIGHT.

LIFE INSURANCE is so good a thing that it can bear much that is bad and still be a blessing. It resembles a game of chance, but so far as it is necessarily so, it is gambling made useful. The unnecessary gambling that is and always has been mixed with it is of course worse than gambling *per se*, because it counteracts the good intent of relieving the unfortunate at the expense of the fortunate. Every trait of unnecessary gambling, like that of making the premiums higher, or the penalty of retiring higher, than is required to maintain the integrity of the company, tends to impoverish the less fortunate and enrich the more fortunate members. This is going backward. There is too much of it. And there are other troubles and imperfections. In fact, there are so many of them that Life Insurance would have gone to the junk-shop of the universe long ago had it not been indispensable to civilization.

Managed just as the business is, plenty of insured people can be found, who, if they only knew it, have nothing to complain of. They have had, or are still having, their insurance for less than they would if the business were better managed. But it is, unfortunately, still easier to find, both in and out of the companies, people who *have* good reason to complain. They were enticed to take the wrong sort of policy. Or they took more insurance than they were able to maintain, or for a longer term than they turned out to need it. And they were charged too much while in, and too much as a penalty for going out. Complaints are about as apt to come from those, either in or out of the companies, who have been used *too well*, as from those who have been used ill. This, it is to be fairly presumed, has not come from the evil intention of those who have managed the business, but from the imperfection of the human intellect, which has to feel its way towards any great and good institution through a long course of experiments, errors and blunders.

That certain important errors as to equity in the practice of life insurance in the best companies have come to light is evident enough from the fact that for a year past a prize of $1,000 has been offered for a justification of the present system in either of three important particulars. The time has expired and nobody has won that prize. These errors have lurked undiscovered so long because nearly every policy consists of two wholly different financial operations, which have been kept undistinguishably mixed, and the rights of the policy-holder in regard to each have not been defined in the policy.

This cannot be made plain to the ordinary reader by any general statement. But if he will look at a pair of examples and tolerate a few Arabic numerals, he may get some hint of my meaning.

A WHOLE LIFE POLICY.

I will first take the example of a whole life policy for $1,000. If entered at the age of 32, the premium payable annually in advance for life, in a mutual company, will be $24 or $25. Not by any means that the insurance will cost so much at first. By the table of mortality most used, assuming interest at 4 per cent., it will cost only $8.41, paid in advance, to insure $1,000 for the first year, $8.58 the second, and so on (not regarding office and agency expenses). The 44th year, the party if alive then being 75 years old, it would cost $91.59. At the age of 99, which the table does not suppose he will exceed by more than one year, it will cost him $961.54. The impracticability of conducting a company with this increasing scale of premiums is obvious enough. Not only would the increase be discouraging, but as time advanced, the healthy members, having nothing to lose by doing so, would step out, and only the unhealthy would continue to pay, so that the premiums would not be sufficient to pay the losses as fast as they would occur. Therefore, as I said, $24 or $25 per annum is demanded, a part of which is an arbitrary addition to pay office expenses and to meet any extraordinary losses that may occur. The rest, $18.04, which is called the net annual premium, is just as sufficient to carry all the risks through as the increasing premiums above described. But when we have substituted this series of equal annual payments for the natural series of increasing premiums, the business is no longer wholly insurance. We have introduced into it a specifically different financial operation, which has the effect of securing the cohesion of the company without materially impairing its usefulness. The errors above alluded to have arisen from the non-recognition of this fact. What we have really done, in substituting the level for the increasing net premiums, is to make the insured *partly insure himself*. With the natural increasing premiums the company would have had to insure the whole $1,000 every year. With the level premiums it does not insure quite $1,000 the first year; and it insures less and less every year, till, if the party should reach the age of 99, it would no longer insure a mill. The party really insures himself the first year in the sum of $10.10, in the second year, $20.53, in the forty-fourth year, $665.81, and in the sixty-eighth year, $1,000. This self-insurance he does by the accumulation in the hands of the company, at 4 per cent., of what he pays each year beyond paying the natural premium of the ever diminishing sum insured by the company. So his $18.04 is divided every year into two parts: an insurance premium and a savings bank deposit or self-insurance premium. If he dies in any year, his heirs receive by the insurance and self-insurance put together, just $1,000. If he lives through any year the insurance premium goes to pay the claims of those who have died. But not a cent of his self-insurance can be touched for that purpose. The beauty of this arrangement is that the company has now in its hands—if it has taken the whole of the premium in *cash*—a security for persistence. This may not be sufficient at the end of the first year to indemnify it fully for the loss of a healthy member, but it will soon become more than sufficient—at length, many times more.

Of late the whole life policy is recommended as the best to take. And there is *some* truth in this, because it is taxed least for working expenses in proportion to the insurance to be enjoyed under it. But it is far from being as satisfactory as it might be, either theoretically or practically. The self-insurance reaches $1,000 at the age of 100, because it is assumed that the insured will certainly die within a year, if he reaches 99. But according to the terms of the policy, if he should live beyond that to the age of the venerable Parr, he could not touch his own $1,000, without continuing his payment of premium till death. Probably he will become dependent on others, or at least cease to have others dependent on him, by the time he is 75. His self-insurance is then $665.81. Sick or well, there is no insurable interest in his life. He would probably greatly prefer receiving the $665.81 to keeping up the policy. Supposing him as healthy as possible at his age, the company would not receive him as a new member. But it has never recognized the fact that there is a difference between insurance and self-insurance. It thinks it is insuring the whole $1,000, and that this policy is valuable to keep in proportion to the accumulation on it! Hence, while at the end of the second year it would have charged the man only $10.26 for releasing him from his contract, giving him a surrender value of $10.26, now it will charge him $332.90, giving him only $332.91. Some companies relax this absurdity in degree, while they maintain it in kind, by charging a smaller per centage of the self-insurance. But in the self-insurance part of the contract there exists no reason whatever for *any* surrender charge any more than there does in a savings bank. The reason for the charge exists wholly in the insurance part of the contract, and that, being like a wedge taken butt end foremost, is more valuable to the company at the start than it can be afterwards. Considering that men beyond 75 are seldom if ever fit subjects of insurance, it is not possible for a policy to grow more valuable to *the company* as it grows older. If they were fit subjects up to the age of 100, then a policy entered under 57 might slightly increase in value up to that age. Therefore, if the company can afford to pay a surrender value of $10.26 on the policy in question at the end of its second year, it can still better afford to pay one of $655.55 at the end of its forty-fourth year, or $525.47 at the end of the thirty-fifth year. This, however, or anything like it, will not be done. If it has run thirty-five years it will cost the party from $133 to $267 to get it cancelled. He will not get so much as $400 in cash unless he is moribund.

One of the best companies offers the policy I am considering for $24.10 per annum, and curiously enough confesses the error and nonsense of it by offering to the same party, (age 32) for $27 per annum, an endowment insurance policy for $1,000 payable to himself if he lives 35 years. Now the difference, $2.90 a year at 6 per cent. will amount to $323.15 when the endowment becomes payable. Deducting this from the $1,000, the party will receive in cash $676.85, for his annual payments of $24.10 under this policy. It is true, if he should die in the meantime, he would lose the $2.90 per annum previously paid, but it would require only $1.23 per annum to insure him against such loss. This, at 6 per cent., would amount in 35 years to $137.37. Deducting this from $676.85, we have $539.48. Hence, this is better than the whole life-policy would have been, even if the company had stipulated a surrender-value of $525.47 at the end of the 35th year!

A SHORT ENDOWMENT POLICY.

Though in the life insurance companies, as at present managed, the very long endowment insurance policies are the best they issue—far better than the whole life—it is very different with the short ones. The error of paying commissions and assessing the working expenses by a percentage on the premiums, instead of the insurance values of the policies, tells fearfully against the shorter endowments. The shorter the term the more self-insurance and the less insurance there is in it. By taking as the second example a very short term, it will be easy to show what "insurance value" is, and how any policy having premiums level, or in excess of the natural ones, necessarily resolves itself into the two different processes, one of insurance and the other of personal accumulation, or self-insurance.

Let the policy be one for $1,000 entered at 40, and payable to the party himself at 45 or previous death. Leaving expenses out of the account, assuming the Actuaries' Mortality and 4 per cent. interest, and that $181.98 payable yearly will be equivalent to the natural premiums to insure $1,000, as below given in column A, let us see how the two processes will differentiate themselves:

	Insurance.				Self-Insurance.	
Years.	A	B	C	D	E	F
1	$9 96	$8 16	$819 23	$20 41	$173 82	
2	10 20	6 42	629 41	12 87	175 56	$180 77
3	10 48	4 51	430 02	6 77	177 47	370 59
4	10 82	2 38	220 44	2 38	179 60	569 98
5	961 54	0 00	0 00	0 00	181 98	779 56
6						1000 00

It is supposed in life insurance calculations that the death-claim is payable only at the end of the policy year. If we take out of $181.98 as a deposit, $173.82 (Column E.), and put it into the Savings-Bank account it will amount at the end of the year to $180.77, (Column F). This is the self-insurance for the first year. Consequently there is left of the $1,000 for the company to insure $819.23 (Column C). And there is left of the $181.98 to pay the company for it, $8.16 (Column B), which will be found to be about as good for $819.23 as $9.96 (Column A) is for $1,000. (See Rule of Three). At the beginning of the second year, $175.56 (Column E), is added to the $180.77 in the Savings Bank, which makes with interest a self-insurance of $370.59 for the second year. This leaves $629.41 (Column C) to be insured by the company, for which $6.42 (Column B) will pay as well as $10.20 (Column A) does for $1,000; and so on through.

Now if the party lives through the five years, it appears from Column B that he will have paid $21.47 towards the death-claims of other members, and from Columns E and F that nobody but himself will have paid anything towards his endowment. If he dies in the first year he has only $819.23 from the company, and that was all the insurance he paid for. The rest of the $1,000, to wit, $180.77 was his own money and interest, or self-insurance. Plainly he should not be taxed for expenses on *that* part of the risk as if the company were carrying it.

INSURANCE VALUE.

At the start, when he has just paid the $8.16, there are some chances against his living to make the three future payments in column B, and if we discount these payments by the chances of his living to make them, and four per cent. interest, and add the present values to the $8.16 just paid, we shall have $20.41 (column D), which I call the *insurance value* of the policy. It is the value at the beginning of the first year, of all that the party, as an average life, can be expected to contribute to death claims, including his own, if that should turn up during the existence of the policy. $12.87 is the insurance value at the beginning of the second year, $6.77 at the beginning of the third, $2.38 at the beginning of the fourth, and $0.00 of the fifth. Nevertheless, as the company never distinguishes between the payments in the columns B and E, but keeps them in one lump on its books as *insurance* premium, it assesses expenses on the party all the way through, viz., by the same percentage on the entire premium (B—E) as any other party pays, although the other party may have ten times as much insurance value and a vastly smaller proportion of self-insurance to his insurance!

Now let us suppose that the party wants to drop the policy at the end of the first or second year. At the end of the first year the company can lose by his going out only what he would pay to the death claims of others if he staid in, and this is offset to a certain extent by its being relieved of the burden of insuring him further. If he is an average risk, the one is equal to the other. It is only when he is better that the company loses more than it gains, and this is never so much as the whole insurance value, so that a fair charge is some per centage of that. It should be only about half as much at the end of the second year as at the end of the first. But the usual rule of the companies is to charge half, or one-third, or one-fourth, of the self-insurance, or reserve, as it is called. On so short a policy this is so enormous that the rule is relaxed, and a "paid up" policy for $200 is given as a surrender value at the end of the first year, $400 at the end of the second, $600 at the end of the third, and $800 at the end of the fourth. This is by a mere rule of thumb, for these "paid ups" are worth less than the self-insurance by $9.35 at the end of the first year, $14.50 at the end of the second, $15.00 at the end of the third, and $10.33 at the end of the fourth. That is, going out at the end of the fourth year, the party pays $10.33 cash for the privilege of withdrawing his deposit after the insurance has entirely ceased!

But the most atrocious part of the blunder in regard to the short endowment policies is in the "loading" or addition for expenses. The same, or nearly the same, percentage of the net premium is added to itself as is added in case of a long term or whole life. For example, the net annual premium of the 35-year endowment insurance at 32 is $21.27 per $1,000, and $5.73 is added, making it $27, as we have seen. To $181.98, the net premium of our five year endowment, $45.47, will be added, making it $227.45. The agency and office expenses will thrive on these policies about in proportion to these two margins, 5.73 and 45.47. But the whole insurance the short term is going to have done, as we have seen (col. D.), is worth $20.41, while the long term

is to have insurance worth $143.32. These two sums represent fairly the respective interests of the two policy-holders in the company as an insurance company, and why should not provision be made for the expenses of the company as an insurance company in the same proportion, seeing that its expenses as a savings bank should not be more than a fraction of one per cent. annually on the deposits, and can come out of the interest to be expected over four per cent?

If $5.73 is a sufficient provision for insurance expenses and contingencies on a policy having $143.32 of insurance value, it certainly ought to be more than enough on one having only $20.41; and therefore not *more* than $187.71 ought to be asked for our short endowment, or can be exacted without injustice, and mischief to the company when the injustice is found out. It is true that the excess of loading *might* be returned as dividend, but it is not often that it is. The more common case is, that the party, if he does not get tired and drop his policy by the way, throws away full $200 in getting his $20 worth of insurance. It is easy to see how he might have had the little he bargained for at as cheap a rate as the other man, without any injury to the company.

If God helps those most who most help themselves, why should a life insurance company throw such discouragement on the policy-holder who does the most self-insurance and leans least on the company?

The Church.

HOME.

According to the *Christian Secretary*, of Hartford, the Park Congregational Church and society, Rev. Dr. Burton pastor, have voted that hereafter all the women who are members shall have the right to vote in all meetings, whether for business or otherwise, "which," says the *Secretary*, "is a 'new departure' for our Congregational friends. But Dr. Burton is an officer of the woman suffrage association, we believe."

That Congregational Club in Boston is no less active and vigorous now than it was before it moved into luxurious quarters. In the way of discussing subjects it is well up to the times—its last debate being on the exemption of church property from taxation. Rev. Dr. Dexter opposed exemption, and Messrs. Thomas H. and Charles T. Russell and Rev. J. De Witt favored. The debate held nearly every member of the club until its close. This club has voted to have a festival on Thursday of Anniversary Week in May in Faneuil Hall tickets to be furnished gratuitously to Congregational clergymen and their wives from abroad and attending the anniversaries.

Rev. Mr. Trowbridge's initial success in this country with the Central Turkey College project is gratifying, and promises still better things. Eight well-known gentlemen, among whom are Ezra Farnsworth, Esq., of Boston, President Noah Porter, and Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, of New York, have consented to act as trustees of the fund for the Aintab institution. James Lennox, Esq., has given the enterprise a happy start with a gift of two thousand dollars; a gentleman in Princeton, N. J., has encouraged it liberally; and minor contributions have come in from other quarters. The sum which Mr. Trowbridge desires to raise is a hundred thousand dollars, fifteen thousand of which have already been secured in England, and about half this latter amount has been subscribed by natives in Aintab. This leaves eighty thousand dollars to be raised in the United States. Contributions can be sent to the American Board rooms in Boston, or to any of the trustees.

At the meeting of the Boston Baptist Social Union, the other day, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale was present by invitation, and made a very interesting address. Here was "Christian union" for which the Baptists of Boston should have credit. Mr. Hale "spoke of his old friend Dr. Wayland, who said that the Christian church should not be on the defensive; unless it was on the aggressive it was lost. He had often thought of this in listening to tedious 'Defences of Christianity' and 'Evidences of Christianity.' Once some one asked Dr. Wayland if he thought some one heretic like the speaker was a Christian. The doctor replied, 'Can he cast out devils?' That was all the people cared for, because it was the true test of Christianity. Creeds were of little account when men were doing good and casting out devils."

Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage and his congregation are again upon their feet. A little more than a year after their edifice was burned down in Brooklyn, they are once more housed, and this time in what they are proud to say is the largest Protestant church in America. Their former building was large, but this one is immense. The audience room is an amphitheatre in shape, with a descending floor to the pulpit, and it will seat four thousand six hundred people. On a crowded occasion, five thousand can hear the speaker at the pulpit desk. A capacious gallery extends around the interior. Unlike the church that was burned, this one is constructed with brick walls, and is supposed to be entirely fireproof. It is handsomely ornamented within, the ceiling being quite beautiful and the general effect pleasing. The organ, like the building, is also the largest in the country, itself looking somewhat like a miniature church. This magnificent instrument was contributed through the liberality and efforts of the ladies of the congregation. The cost of the church—the Brooklyn Tabernacle, as it is everywhere known—was about one hundred thousand dollars, including the ground on which it stands. The actual value of both is probably one-third greater. The church completed, its dedication took place on the 22d ult., in the presence of a vast audience, the largest, probably, that ever assembled on a similar occasion. Clergymen of the various denominations occupied the platform. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of Washington, Chaplain of the United States Senate, from the text in Haggai—"The glory of the latter house shall be greater than that of the former, said the Lord." Methodist, Baptist and Congregational ministers took part in the exercises. Dr. Duryea and Mr. Beecher made congratulatory addresses on the occasion. Before the close of the service, Rev. Mr. Ives, who has the reputation of being the most successful money-raiser in the Methodist Church, proved his right to it by inducing the congregation to lift the debt of thirty-five thousand dollars from the building on the spot. The money was subscribed, and the Presbyterian Tabernacle of Brooklyn starts on its recovered way without embarrassment, and full of hope and promise.

Personal Notes.—Hon. Gerrit Smith writes to President Brown that it is some forty years since he has made a gift to his Alma Mater, Hamilton College, and he therefore requests him to drop, as quietly as may be, the sum of ten thousand dollars into its treasury, as coming from him. Mr. Smith gives the money without any conditions, and happens to come to the relief of the college trustees at a very opportune moment. He was a member of the class of 1818 at Hamilton.—Rev. James Erwin, of Ithaca, and Rev. E. A. Park, of Sheldrake, N. Y., both of them Methodist ministers, lately had a terrible fall over a precipice fifty feet high, on the shores of Cayuga Lake, being thrown out of a buggy. Their carriage was broken to pieces, but they had a miraculous escape, neither being seriously hurt.—The sum of twenty thousand dollars has already been subscribed for the relief of the families of the Rev. Messrs. Carrasco and Pronier, delegates of the Alliance, who were lost on the *Ville du Havre*. A separate fund is to be raised for the family of Rev. Emile Cook, who has lately died from the effects of that wreck, as already stated.—The venerable Lutheran pastor, John Bachman, D. D., LL.D., distinguished as a naturalist and a life-long friend and co-laborer of Agassiz and Audubon, died in Charleston, S. C., February 25, aged eighty-five years. The deceased was born in Dutchess county in this State in the year 1790. In early life he was associated with Audubon, whom he assisted in the preparation of his celebrated work on ornithology, and was the principal author of the illustrated work on the *Quadrupeds of North America*. Dr. Bachman has been pastor of the German Lutheran Church, in Charleston, S. C., for about fifty years, and has published many works on the denomination with which he was connected.—A cable dispatch from London last week announced the death of Rev. Thomas Binney, who was for upward of forty years the pastor of the Weigh-house Chapel, and the author of several ecclesiastical works. He was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1798. Rev. Mr. Binney was the first to introduce chanting into the service of independent congregations. In 1845 he visited this country, and in 1857 made a tour through the Australian colonies. He enjoyed a wide reputation.

FOREIGN.

Speaking of Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson's recent address in London on the German conflict with the Jesuits, the English *Independent* states that having taken pains during two years' residence in Berlin to master the entire details of the struggle, his testimony as to the nature of that struggle is unimpeachable. Dr. Thompson avowed his own preference for the policy known as "a Free Church in a Free State," and declared his conviction that the Government in Prussia would have prepared to shape matters for a gradual dissolution of Church and State had not the Ultramontanes compelled them first to fight out the precedent question as to whether there should be any such thing as a State. The conflict was commenced by the ecclesiastics. Most Englishmen, in the *Independent's* view, will endorse the practical conclusion with which Dr. Thompson brought to a close his earnest and convincing address, that when a statesman like Prince Bismarck found unmistakable indications of insurrection being plotted by men who were thus intolerant and unscrupulous, his first and supreme duty was to "stamp it out."

The Week.

[*From Tuesday, Feb. 24, to Monday, March 2.*]

There is a formidable insurrection in Japan, raised by the strong conservative element which does not like the innovations introduced by the Mikado's Government. The telegraphic details are of course very incomplete, but it is certain that the insurgents are sufficiently organized to place a large army in the field, and that this force has advanced without serious check to one of the principal cities on its march toward the capital.

On Thursday there were rumors in England to the effect that Sir Garnet Wolseley had been severely handled by the Ashantee King; but they turned out to be based upon highly favorable news, of which only the unfavorable part leaked out prior to official promulgation. The rumors had assumed, however, such a definite shape as to cause great anxiety among those who had friends in the army. The Government dispatch bears date at Coomassie, February 5, and says that the capital has been gained after five day's hard fighting and a loss of 300 men. The King had left the town, but had promised to come in and sign a treaty, and the English forces would return at once to the coast so as to get away before the rains set in. The news which preceded this and which is now reaching Europe by mail, led the world to believe that the Ashantees were so badly demoralized that an occupation of the capital would hardly be necessary. It would seem, however, that the King rallied his forces at the last moment, and made the close of the campaign somewhat lively.

Surely the Senate would not have consented to the passage of a bill practically restoring the franking abuse, but it was a very close thing in the House. Indeed, the friends of the bill were so sure of its success on Thursday, that Mr. Packard, its manager, voluntarily gave up the hour to which he was entitled and calmly saw it consumed in driblets of ten and fifteen minutes by gentlemen who wanted to lend variety to the scene, and go upon the record. The opponents of the bill, that is to say, those who are willing to pay their own postage, agreed not to filibuster, and so the roll was called for a vote, the result being, yeas, 129; nays, 131. The defeat of the measure was, we are sorry to believe, due only to the defection of a few who thought Mr. Packard's a half-way measure, and wanted the good old rules restored under which a member could frank his household goods from Boston to San Francisco, free of charge. The measure will probably be revived and passed in some shape, but the Senate may be trusted to kill it, or so amend it that its originators will not feel any interest in its adoption. Truly the Senate, with all its faults, is a good thing, and it does not get half the credit it deserves for preventing evil legislation.

However disagreeable to the Tichborne claimant the termination of his trial for perjury may be, the world at large will at least congratulate itself that the end has been reached. The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" on Saturday, and sentence was at once passed. It will be remembered that this trial is the second in which he has been the principal character. In the first he appeared as claimant of the Tichborne name and estates, and some two hundred witnesses identified him as the person he claimed to be. Many equally credible, however, testified otherwise, and the jury decided that the claim was false. He was at once indicted for perjury, and the second trial, which lasted for 180 court-days, has just ended. Arthur Orton, *alias* Thomas Castro, *alias* Roger Charles Tichborne, now goes to penal servitude for fourteen years. We can see no reason to doubt the justice of the verdict, although there is a bitter difference of opinion about it in England, and our national friend, Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, has lost his temper so many times during the trial, and has made so many arbitrary rulings, that public opinion has probably been thereby influenced in favor of the claimant.

It is hard to decide which way Congress is drifting in the matter of finances. Certain it is, however, that the session is growing old and that nothing has yet been done. On the 25th ult. the discussion of the Equalization Bill was resumed on the question of recommitting the bill, with instructions to report in accordance with the vote favoring an increase of the currency to $400,000,000. On Tuesday Mr. Schurz again did his duty against inflation in another able speech. That its effect was feared by the inflationists is proved by the reply of Mr. Morton, their leader, who intimated that it was not particularly creditable in a Senator to study up a subject before speaking upon it. In this connection we may mention a fable lately published by the Chicago *Tribune* to illustrate the absurdity of the equalization doctrine: Two men lived by a brook, and one was dissatisfied because the water was shallow in front of his house while it deepened into a pool in front of his neighbor's. To correct this he goes to work with a bucket, taking water from his neighbor's pool and emptying it into the shallows at his own door. We cannot see why the proposition to remove some twenty-five millions from the East and place them at the West or South is not sufficiently for purposes of illustration a parallel case.

No sane subordinate in the Civil Service for a moment expects promotion when the head of his department or the Collector of his Custom-House, or what not, resigns, or dies, or is removed. If he is to receive promotion through the provisions of the Civil Service rules, it is only when a vacancy occurs in a subordinate grade. When, therefore, it was announced that Collector Russell, of Boston, had resigned, and that one Simmons had, at the instance of B. F. Butler, been nominated in his stead, no one waxed indignant at the ignoring of rules, but all Massachusetts was up in arms about the nominee. Everything bad was said of him—but one cannot always implicitly believe what politicians say of one another, so he is probably not so bad as he is represented to be. At any rate, he is a protegé of Butler, and the news of his preferment brought out such a strong protest from respectable quarters, that the President was fain to tell the Massachusetts delegation that if they would agree upon a fit person, Simmons's name should be withdrawn. There are those who have said that the President well knew that the delegates could not agree; but for all that they substantially did so, and recommended three gentlemen as substitutes. Butler, however, would not yield in the least, but insisted upon letting the Senate pronounce its verdict. Accordingly, the President let matters take their course. Up to the time when the executive session was called, the general belief was that Simmons would be rejected, but the event proved that Butler had acted with his usual sagacity. The vote stood 30 to 16 in favor of Simmons. The only satisfaction that we can derive from this result is that Massachusetts and Boston may be aroused to a sense of their danger. Butler will certainly be governor, if reckless and skillful management can bring about his election. President Grant is, knowingly, let us hope, using the most effectual means to obliterate existing party lines. The treatment is heroic, but it may succeed.

While there are no signs of abatement in the zeal for temperance reform, some of the towns which were earliest purged of their grog-shops are beginning to reach that critical period when reaction is to be feared. Already we read how wagon-loads of liquor are sent by night into towns where the noise of nocturnal rows has not been heard for weeks. The perseverance of the women in closing the shops was wonderful and praiseworthy, but it will be far more extraordinary if they keep them closed. We are sorry to read that an element of humbug is showing itself in some quarters. In Philadelphia, for instance, a small body of women sallied forth from a prayer-meeting, and after having made the round of two or three shops praying and singing in front of, or near the doors, they returned to the prayer-meeting crying "Victory is ours." This is not at all the way to succeed, and it will not have the desired effect. At the East, generally, the circulation of pledges for signature seems to be more popular than the complicated machinery that has been so triumphant at the West. At Worcester, Mass., there has been a meeting of the Protestant and Catholic clergy to the end that they may make common cause against intemperance. A resolution was passed recording the sense of the meeting on the general question, but admitting that the best means for its suppression are not yet apparent. The West is indisputably the field in which the praying system is destined to achieve its greatest successes, and it is high time for those who have inaugurated the reform to organize for its perpetuation. The *Louisville Courier* suggests that the consumers of liquor are the ones who should now claim attention rather than the vendors. Women, it says, should have learned by this time that in a majority of cases mere kindness will not reclaim a drunkard. It seems to think that the banishment from feminine society of every one who drinks to excess would, if generally enforced, have a most salutary effect. The time has come, at any rate, for the victors to make permanent the results of their conquest. The closing of the dram shops is not half so important or difficult as keeping them closed.

The Household.

NOT "SALLY, IN OUR ALLEY."

BY ANNIE MATHESON.

OF all the elves that are so neat,
There's none so fair as Fairy!
The patter of her little feet
Is quick and airy!
Her cheek were like the woodland rose,
Could roses dimple,—
Nor is there any flow'r that grows
More fresh and simple!

The little witch is wondrous wise
And merry-minded,
When by the sunshine in her eyes
My own are blinded.
Could she but feel the bliss I steal
From her sweet laughter,
The puss would be afraid of me
For ever after!

FLATS VERSUS HOMES.

BY REV. GEORGE L. WALKER.

"LIVING on a Flat" has been, of late, a very favorite prescription with many for the infelicities of American housekeeping in our cities and larger towns. Fully to credit some of the apostles of this gospel of Life on a Flat, would be to believe that about all which is necessary to make existence leisurely, economical and felicitous instead of arduous, costly, and often vexatious, is the adoption of some modification of the continental system of life on a single floor.

No more the American house-apart, with its height and depth of rooms to be swept and garnished!—Laundry-work be banished the premises! Cooking to be tolerated only to a limited extent; the more substantial portion of that necessary toil to be done elsewhere; the accomplished result, only, to be brought within the walls.

This would be to have rest from drudgery and domestics; leisure for literature and repose.

Now, doubtless, the complete ideal of this Life on a Flat, as it lies in the brain of its more sanguine advocates, is not fully realized even in those European towns which afford its nearest exemplifications. Here in Germany, for example, there are great deficiencies. Too much work is still retained on the premises. The odor of beef and onion would betray to our social reformer the fact that his scheme for a housekeeping Utopia was not fully carried out.

Nevertheless, the Life-on-a-Flat system is sufficiently realized here to have some of its main facts and consequences distinctly apparent. And they are, I think, worth a little attention.

And it may be frankly admitted that the practice has,—at least as it is exemplified in Europe,—something to say for itself on the score of economy. Stuttgart, to instance the place where I now write, is a city of ninety thousand inhabitants. But in Albany or New Haven families in corresponding social position have to pay at least three times as much rent for the houses they occupy as these Stuttgart families for the single floors with which they are satisfied. Suites of apartments, consisting of from five to nine rooms, in handsome houses, can be had at from two hundred to five hundred dollars a year; including a right in the common cellar for coal, and a right in an attic chamber or two for servants. And as the care of a single floor involves less labor than the care of a whole house, undoubtedly, also, a saving in the matter of servant's wages can be pleaded in favor of the Flat system.

But, having mentioned these two points of advantage,—economy in rent and service—; and then having taken into estimate whatever of added resource or leisure these two may imply, the credit side of the account is complete. These are positive advantages, but these are all.

And against them there are very large offsets. One very serious offset is the inevitable loss of almost all the *home* feeling which grows insensibly around our American houses-apart, and which constitutes one of their chiefest attractions. This "home" feeling is a shy emotion, and does not flourish in the Flat atmosphere. It is impossible for it to attain any adequate development on the single floor of a caravansary establishment, whose occupants above you and below you come and go in continual change. You have no space and no encouragement for those little efforts at adornment,—the planting of a rose-bush or a grape-vine; the setting up a swing for your children or a rustic chair for yourself,—which do so much to give the humblest American mechanic an interest in the place he calls his home. And when the bearing of this loss is considered in its relations to the memories and the education of a growing family, it certainly cannot be considered a slight one. The attractiveness of our American homes is one of the strongest of all moral forces in the training of youth. The memory of the sweet New England family-abode where our childhood was passed, and to which our thoughts go back at every mention of the word "home," is among the most precious, yes, and the most useful of our memories. And such associations cannot, except in a most crippled and imperfect manner, connect themselves with the single floor of the many-tenanted house rented in Flats.

There is another effect of the Flat system on the social habits, curious to notice.

These Germans are gregarious people. Everybody who knows them at all knows how fond they are of companionship and converse. But, in comparison with our American habits, there is almost no social intercourse in their own houses. The real place of German social intercourse is the Concert-garden, the *Caffé*, the Beer-room; in a word, away from their dwelling-places. The reason is plain. It is an almost necessary result of the Life-on-the-Flat system. The careful housekeeper selects his apartments with an economical eye to the exact necessities of his own family. His five or nine rooms on his single floor accommodate him, but they cannot well accommodate more. They do not stretch easily to meet the requirement of social occasions. Hence there is almost nothing here of that good old hospitality which in our American society loves to crowd the house full of welcome guests; and deems it one of the privileges of having a home that it may do so. The German is driven out of doors for most of his social pleasures. He takes his family to the open-air concert; he sits in smoky halls drinking innumerable pots of beer and talking interminable hours, but of our free, open-armed, *home* social intercourse he knows comparatively nothing.

How the hospitable souls of our old grand-fathers and neighbors, every inch of whose big houses was put at the disposal of their visitants, would have groaned under the inevitable limitations of this life on a Flat! The best form of social life goes nigh to perish under these conditions. Even the Christian duty of "entertaining strangers" is impossible to fulfill.

I might speak of another very grave consequence of the system prevailing here of sending the servants of several families to a different floor of the house from that occupied by any of them, there to herd together, practically out of the watch of their employers. The moral results of this practice can be easily conjectured. They are of the most disastrous nature. But enough.

One of the things which an observation of society in this Old World most vividly suggests is the contrasted loveliness and beneficial influence of the typical American home. Long may it be before that beautiful institution be supplanted by the system of life upon the Flat! Are our homes expensive? Make them less so, by simpler tastes and more modest desires on the part of their occupants. Live with less show. Walk on a cheaper carpet, and sit in a less costly chair. Have fewer courses at dinner; and fewer servants to waste and annoy. But don't give up the privacy, the self-respect, the amplitude and possible hospitality of the house-apart. Recognize the moral worth of a home upon your children and on yourself also. See that there are duties which one owes to society, as well. And admire as one of the best things earth has to show, that wholesome and beautiful thing, an English and American Home.

STUTTGART, *Feb.*, 1874.

BORDER LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY C. F. P.

IT was at the time of the battle of Saratoga, in the year 1777—nearly a hundred years ago. My great-grandmother, who was then a widow, lived close by the battle-field. Fearing the visits of stragglers from the army, she had previously sent away her family to a place of safety, with the exception of a daughter who was too ill to be moved, and a son who was concealed in a tree near the house.

It was not long before a party of Indians made their appearance. One may easily imagine the feelings with which their approach was viewed by these unprotected women, remembering their extreme cruelty to the early settlers in our country, and that in their barbarous warfare they spared neither age nor sex.

Knowing that firmness and insensibility to fear were the qualities most respected by the Indians, the brave Quaker woman drew her chair in front of the hearth (her daughter lying in bed in the same room), and with her back to the door awaited their entrance.

The band came in and rummaged the house; but not once did she turn her head, or pay the slightest attention to their proceedings. At last she heard them go away; and was, no doubt, rejoicing over the marvelous escape of herself and daughter, when the little front gate re-opened, and one Indian returned to the house.

That was a moment of fearful suspense; was he appointed by the others to secure the much-coveted scalps?

He entered the room and walked up behind her, she still gazing calmly into the fire, never once glancing toward him.

After standing there quietly a few moments, the Indian, who was probably a chief, removed the garter from his leg, bound it to the back of her chair, and once more took his departure; this time, as the children say, "for good."

It is supposed that this was intended as a mark of protection, in case of their visitation by other Indians, and also as a token of his admiration of her extraordinary coolness and courage.

As soon as the sick girl could be removed, her brother, whose hiding-place had not been discovered, took her before him on horseback, and they abandoned their home. Before leaving they lifted the hearth-stone, and deposited beneath it such small household articles as had escaped the Indians in their search for plunder.

In after days, when the country became quiet again, and the family returned to their home, they found that this stone had been taken up, and that every secreted article had been carried off.

The Little Folks.

TRAY'S REVENGE.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

"NOTHING for you, Mister Tray!
Not a single thing to-day.
I've a piece of cake, it's true,
But it isn't meant for you;
No, indeed, sir! not a bit,
For I want the whole of it;
And besides, it isn't good
For a doggie's daily food.
So you need not stand and beg,
Wag your tail, and lift your leg,
Put your tongue out, and all that;
You'll not get the cake—that's flat!
Not if you should beg all day—
Forward, march! then, Mister Tray."

Poor old Tray hung down his head
At the heartless words she said;
Wondered in his doggish mind
How she could be so unkind;
But, since clearly it was vain
Any longer to remain,
After such a hint to go,
Off he trotted, sad and slow.

Lizzie, sitting in the shade
By the leafy birch-trees made,
Ate her plum-cake at her ease;
While the pleasant summer breeze
Blew her curls this way and that
Underneath her broad-brimmed hat.
"What a goose that dog must be!"
Laughing to herself, said she.
"Cake like this, he ought to know,
Doesn't on the bushes grow,
Stuffed with citron, spices, plums—
'Tisn't every day it comes!
And for him to want a share
Was too saucy, I declare!
I am sure I never heard
Of a notion more absurd."

So she ate it, spice and plum,
Never left the smallest crumb
That a hungry bird might spy
With his little watchful eye.
Then within the pleasant shade
Lazily herself she laid,
And before she meant to do it,
Or, indeed, she really knew it,
She had dropped as fast asleep
As the little maid Bopeep.

Now, beneath her basket-lid,
There were red ripe currants hid;
Plucked before the sun was high,
Or the morning-dew was dry.
It was Lizzie's task to take them
To her mother, who would make them
Into jelly, fine and clear,
That would last for many a year.
And while Lizzie slept at ease
In the shadow of the trees,
Stood her mother at the gate,
Wondering why she staid so late.
More than this—while Lizzie slept,
Came a goat, that lightly stept
Round about her; peeped and pried,
And as soon as he espied
Those red currants ripe and nice,
He went for them in a trice;
Gave the basket just a stroke
With his forefoot, then a poke
With his horns, and all about
Came the currants, tumbling out.
In another little minute
Nothing had been left within it,
And if poor old faithful Tray
Had not chanced to come that way,
Very little currant jelly
Had been made at home that day!

But he happened to pass by
Just in time the goat to spy,
And flew at him with a growl
That would frighten beast or fowl.
Mister Billy had to run,
Disappointed of his fun;
And the noise awaking Lizzie
She discovered what was done.
Then her rosy cheeks, I think,
Turned a deeper shade than pink;
To her credit be it said,
That with blushes they were red;
And she wished—but all in vain—
That she had that cake again.
It was rather late, you'll say,
To remember poor old Tray;
But she will not be so selfish,
I am sure, another day.

JOHNNY LEARNS AN UNEXPECTED LESSON.

By Adam Stwin.

JOHNNY came home from his second visit to the Park Museum unusually sober and thoughtful.

He had been comparing pussy's feet with Humpty's, finding out a great many curious facts worth noticing; and his main errand to the Park was to study the feet of the different animals there.

"Don't forget that you are to look at their eyes too," I said.

"All of them?"

"Certainly; if you have time. At least, look again at those you studied before."

Johnny wondered why it wouldn't be better to look at those he did not see before, and said as much. I simply assured him that it would very likely be worth his while to go over the old ground again; and so let the matter rest.

The truth is, I knew that a second looking would be pretty sure to show him some things that would surprise him. Since our last talk about eyes it had occurred to me that I had somehow let a number of very important exceptions to the general rule of cat's eyes slip my mind, and I wanted him to discover the mistake himself, if he could.

I wonder if any of the little boys who read the account of our talk can tell what the mistake was.

"It's awful queer," said Johnny, when we left the supper-table.

I had suspected the cause of his trouble from the first, but had said nothing. To his last remark I simply replied:

"What is queer, Johnny?"

"Everything," he said, "cats and things—and cats' eyes. You said lions were cats, didn't you?"

"Certainly, lions are cats."

"And cats have eyes like pussy?"

"Most cats do."

"*Lion's don't.*" This Johnny said, with a sigh of relief, as though it were a comfort to get the troublesome fact off his mind.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," said Johnny, stoutly. "Fred held me up and I looked at them ever so long—both of them. The old lion looked straight at me with his eyes wide open, and—he didn't have *cat*-eyes at all. Did he, Fred?"

"The pupils were perfectly round," Fred replied.

"So I was wrong when I said their eyes were like pussy's."

"It seems so," said Fred.

"That shows the difference between seeing and observing. I have looked at lions ever so many times, but never noticed their eyes particularly. So I said, at first thought, that they were as cats' eyes generally are; an error that Johnny was able to detect as soon as he really looked at a lion's eyes. I must have seen the fact stated in some book, for it occurred to me afterwards."

"And you didn't tell me!" Johnny exclaimed, with no little surprise.

"No, Johnny; if I had, you would probably have forgotten the fact as I did. We are apt to have a very slight grip of things we learn in that way at second hand. Having discovered the truth yourself, I am quite sure you will never forget it."

"And it may teach you a much more important lesson," I added, seeing the unsettled and unhappy look his face was wearing.

"Lesson?" he echoed, with the faintest possible smile.

"Yes," I repeated, "a very important lesson, and that is, never to be too sure of what you have not tested for yourself."

"Not when *you* tell me?"

Poor fellow! The idea that I should ever tell him what was not exactly and wholly true had never entered his mind before. No wonder it made him feel bad!

"Everybody makes mistakes," I replied; "and those who would not tell you a lie for all the world may tell you what is untrue, as I did, when they least intend it. It's a sorry lesson to learn, but we all have to learn it sooner or later. Without doubting people's honesty in the least, it is a good plan always to test, so far as we can, what they tell us, in books or otherwise, by our own observation and thinking. That is the only way to be sure of what we know."

"We can't always be sure we are right even then," Fred remarked, with a laugh.

"Not always, for we may reason wrongly as well as others; and sometimes we let our senses deceive us, or more correctly, perhaps, we misinterpret what our senses tell us. We have our mind so fully made up in regard to what we look at that we see what we expect to see, when the fact is really something else. Still, as a rule, there is a special value to knowledge we get by our own efforts; and if we make a habit of being careful in our observations and inferences, and are not too sure of what we do not actually know, we are not very likely to go far wrong."

"I suppose I was hasty," Fred remarked, "the first time we looked at the tiger's eyes. We had been looking at the wild cats in the cage below the tigers. I knew the tigers were cats, too; and, though we couldn't see their eyes very well, I was sure the pupils were narrow like pussy's. To-day the sun was not so bright; the tigers opened their eyes wider, so that I could see the whole of the pupil, and it was"—

"Just like the lion's, only bigger," Johnny chimed in, glad the talk had come once more within his reach.

"It is wonderful," Fred continued; "the tiger's expression is so cat-like, especially about the eyes, that one would not suspect the eyes to be so different."

"I suppose his round face and his stealthy look through half-shut lids, so like pussy's, help to make us think him more like pussy than he really is.

"It is a noteworthy fact, that of the multitude of animals of the cat kind, only the largest have round pupils, and these vary most from the common type. Of the leopards, which are least cat-like, the cheetahs or hunting leopards vary from the type so much that for a long time it was undecided whether to class them with cats or not."

"Do they differ except in their eyes?" Fred asked.

"Very much. You remember how pussy's feet are, don't you, Johnny?"

"'Course I do!" said Johnny, brightening up again. "She has sharp claws."

"Anything more?"

"She draws 'em in, and sticks 'em out when she wants to. The old tiger did just the same when he waked up and stretched himself. I saw him."

"Are Humpty's feet like that?"

"No," said Johnny. "His toes have dull claws, and he can't draw them back. That's why they rattle so when he runs on the bare floor."

"Could he catch a rat with his paws as pussy does a mouse?"

"No. He bites 'em," said Johnny, "and shakes 'em. He can't hold anything, except with his teeth."

"That's the way, I believe, with the cheetah. He is a cat in most respects, but he has dog feet as well as dog eyes."

"And he looks a good deal like a dog—a coach dog," Fred added. "I have read of their being used like dogs in hunting."

"So they are, I believe," said I. "Maybe their round-pupiled eyes have something to do with their dog-like manner of running down their game. It would be interesting to study the habits of all the dog-eyed cats from this point of view, comparing them with the habits of the more numerous species that have eyes like pussy."

"But poor Johnny is dropping off to sleep, tired out with so much talk that is too old for him. I'm afraid he'll dream of monster cats to-night. Suppose you call Mary to put him to bed."

"How many cats have round pupils, anyway?" Fred asked, when Johnny had bidden us a sleepy good-night.

"Four kinds, I believe—the lion, the tiger, the leopard and the jaguar. At least these are all that I've seen, and all that are mentioned by Prof. Owen, the first to notice these exceptions. Very likely they are all; for his knowledge of animals is very extensive, and he is pretty careful in what he says.

THE FATHER OF A PAIL.

By Olive Thorne.

IF you think the Syrians are droll, they think the same of us. They laugh at our high hats, and call them pails, and the wearer they call the "Father of a Pail."

When the little red shoe boy is born, there are great doings in his father's house. Presents are sent in, and everybody calls to congratulate the family. But the great event is the making of a dainty dish, which is sent around to all the relations, in little bowls. This wonderful compound is made of pounded rice, spiced and sugared, and covered with nuts. Funny enough it would taste to us, I dare say.

But now there's a very sad thing to be told. When a girl is born, no such festivities are indulged in. There are no presents and no dainties. The mother weeps, and the relatives send condolences. Do you want to know why? For the selfish reason that a girl grows up and marries into some other family, thus taking something away from her father's house, while a boy grows up and brings a wife home, thus adding to the family dignity.

There are some pleasant things about life in that country. For one thing they have fresh fruit all the year round. Grapes and figs, which sell for a cent a pound, watermelons, peaches and pears, besides some that will not grow in our gardens, such as pomegranates, sweet lemons, bananas, and oranges. Oranges sell five for a penny, and sweet lemons cost just half that amount.

I am sorry to say that the red shoe boy and his friends are not particular about speaking the truth. They have a story that in the beginning of the world seven bags of lies were sent to be distributed in the world, and by accident they all got loose in Syria.

Then if one gets angry at you and wants to call down evil on you, he will not condescend to speak of *you*, but will vent his bad words on your father and grandfather, and the further back he goes the more dreadful it is, and the more it enrages his enemy.

Most of the people are very ignorant, few of the women—even those belonging to the better class, and dressing elegantly—can read or write. The doctors are not much more learned than the rest. One that Mr. Jessup, a missionary, tells about, begged some old newspapers of him, and when he got them he soaked them up soft and made them into medicine. The most popular way of seeking help in sickness is to carry gifts to the tomb of some saint.

The religion of the Syrians does not allow them to eat pork, and they have a rooted dislike to hogs. If an innocent swine comes into a town everybody shouts at him, loads him and his father and grandfather with hard names, and generally end by driving him out.

Boys will be boys—even in that country, and you'll be surprised to learn that they play almost the same games that you do. Leap frog—which they call "owal howa"—marbles, and base ball for out doors, and blind man's buff, puss in the corner, and "button, button," for the house. The last game they call "pebble, pebble," and I suppose they play it with a small stone.

Some of their nursery stories also are very much like ours. There is one in particular almost exactly like our story of the "Three Kids and the Wolf." You remember, of course, that the kids' mother left them alone at home, telling them to be sure and not open the door, except to her. The wolf, who was hungry, and especially partial to young kid for his breakfast, came to the door, and, by means of his wolfish cunning, deceived the three little innocents within so that they thought it was their mamma, and opened the door. Of course you have not forgotten the double catastrophe that took place. The wolf swallowed the unfortunate kids, and then was too well stuffed to get away, and the mother returning in time, ripped him open with her horns, when out leaped the three kids, as lively and frisky as ever.

The Syrians—as I said—have a story almost exactly like this, only of course such a natural monster as a wolf would not suit their superstitious taste, and the unfortunate thief in the story is a ghoul, whatever that may be.

If you have read *Arabian Nights* you know what is meant by the "evil eye." And it seems odd to know that these people believe in it still. There's nothing of which mothers are so much afraid, as that some one should admire their children and cast an evil eye on them. So, if one is unfortunate enough to have an unusually pretty child, she takes care to keep it ragged and dirty, to avoid this danger. Blue eyes are considered the most dangerous.

If a child is delicate, the wise parents change its name, because they say the first name did not agree with it, and made it ill.

Another superstition is the belief that the sound of bells attracts evil spirits, so instead of them men are placed on towers in the towns, to call them to prayers.

The most useful thing a person in that country can own is a camel. You have seen dozens of pictures, and read hundreds of stories about camels, I daresay. You have read how they can go many days without water, and when a traveler in the desert is suffering from thirst, he can kill his camel, and find pure water in his reservoir. You have heard that they lie down to be loaded and unloaded, and that they carry great timbers across the mountains—often falling too, and being dashed to pieces. But did you ever hear about their getting mad, and biting off a man's hand, or the top of his head; or rushing through a village, growling and bellowing, and frightening the people half out of their wits; and did you know that you could get sea-sick riding on a camel's back?

On the whole, though you could ride on a camel, get five oranges for a cent, and have summer all the year round, I don't believe you would care to live in Syria. Would you, now?

Puzzles.

Word Puzzle.

Entire I am an American cape; curtail and transpose and I am one of the women of the Bible; behead and transpose and I am a mountain; syncopate and transpose and I am another woman of the Bible; transpose and I am a Jewish king; curtail and behead and I am the abbreviation for a State.

M. D. H.

Double Acrostic.

1. A Shakespearean character.
2. A division of Asia.
3. A State.
4. An English coin.
5. An encumbrance.
6. A fish of the Mediterranean.

My initials and finals each name an American lake.

De Forrest.

Diamond Puzzles.

No. 1.	No. 2.
1. A consonant.	1. A vowel.
2. A portion of time.	3. An insect.
3. A mineral composition.	3. Coalition.
4. An animal.	4. The uppermost point.
5. A consonant.	5. A consonant.

J. C. B.

A Square Word.

1. A city.
2. Across.
3. A medley.
4. Once.

Lyle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF FEBRUARY 18.

Double Acrostic.—1. Shallop. 2. Acre. 3. Race. 4. Aster. 5. Tisri. 6. Oread. 7. Gig. 8. Azure.—Saratoga, Pea Ridge.

Transpositions.—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not *dream* them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song!"

A Diamond Puzzle.—

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    H A R
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Financial.

From Saturday, February 21, to Saturday, February 28.

Wall Street.—Washington's Birthday had the usual effect of a holiday in adding to the general dullness which prevails in view of the dilatoriness of Congress. Practically no progress has been made toward the improvement of the finances, and the session is getting so far advanced that the chances of nothing definite being accomplished are perhaps worth discounting. The usual Spring demand for currency is making itself felt at the West, but the market is very easy here. Cable advices from London report a gain of £187,000 in bullion at the Bank of England. The Bank of France, too, gains 21,372,000 francs in specie. The total amount of U. S. legal tenders now outstanding is about $381,000,000, that being about the same amount as was reported a week ago.

Government Bonds.—There is no diminution in the activity of these securities. The slight decline in the prices has not at all affected the volume of the transactions; indeed holders who have been waiting for the top of the market have regarded the slight decline as a hint to unload. The foreign demand has slackened somewhat, and varies with the fluctuations of gold.

The highest quotations for the week were as follows:

	Feb. 23. Holiday.	Feb. 24.	Feb. 25.	Feb. 26.	Feb. 27.	Feb. 28.
New 5s c'p...'81,	....	114½	114¼	114⅜	114⅜	114¾
6 p. ct. reg....'81,	....	119⅞	119½	119½	119⅝	120
do. c'p........'81,	....	120⅞	120¼	120⅝	120¼	120¾
5-20 reg........'62,	....	117½	117	117	117	117½
5-20 c'p........'62,	....	118	117¼	117⅝	117¼	118
5-20 reg........'64,	....	119⅛	119	119	119	....
5 20 c'p........'64,	....	120	120¼	120¼	120¼	120
5-20 reg........'65,	....	119½	119	119½	119	....
5-20 c'p........'65,	....	120¾	121	121	121¼	121
5-20 reg. n....'65,	....	119	118½	....	119	....
5-20 c'p. n. i..'65,	....	119¼	119	119¼	119⅝	119¼
5-20 reg........'67,	....	119¼	119	119½	119	....
5-20 c'p........'67,	....	120¼	119½	119⅞	119¾	120
5-20 reg........'68,	....	119	....	....	119	....
5-20 c'p........'68,	....	120	119¾	119⅝	119¼	....
10-40 reg...........	....	113	....	113¼	113½	113⅝
10-40 c'p...........	....	116½	116	116	116½	116½
6s cur..............	....	116⅜	116¼	116⅜	116⅜	116½

Miscellaneous Bonds.—State securities have been dull and quiet, Tennessees and Virginias being the most in demand. Railroad bonds are firm, without any marked activity.

Stocks.—Moderate activity has prevailed with prices which have been steady rather than the reverse. There is in general a slight decline from the closing prices of last week. Some abortive attempts were made to hoax the street by reporting the deaths of Drew and Vanderbilt, but the experience of a few days ago prevented any success. An arrest has been made of the supposed perpetrator of the frauds which we mentioned last week, but the evidence against him is not yet made public.

The following table shows the highest quotations for the week:

	Feb. 23. Holiday.	Feb. 24.	Feb. 25.	Feb. 26.	Feb. 27.	Feb. 28.
Gold............	....	113	112¾	112¾	112¾	112¾
N.Y.C.&H.R....	....	104¼	104½	104⅜	104½	104¼
Harlem.........	....	132¼	132¼	133	133	130½
Erie........	....	48¼	48⅜	47¾	47½	47¼
Lake Shore..	....	82⅜	81½	81¾	81¾	80⅜
Wabash..	....	51⅝	51¼	50¾	51	49⅜
Northwestern	....	58¼	58¾	58⅜	58½	57
do pref....	....	75	75¼	75⅜	75¼	73¾
Clev., C., C. & I.	...	....	81	82	82	80⅜
Rock Island....	....	107½	107¼	107¼	107¼	106⅜
St. Paul.........	....	46⅜	46⅞	46½	46½	43⅜
do pref.......	....	73	72¾	72¾	72½	69½
Mich. Central..	....	90¼	90	89	89½	....
Ohio & Miss....	....	33¼	33	33	32¾	31¼
Central of N J..	....	107¾	107	106¼	106	105
Del., L. & W....	....	111¼	111	111¼	111	109¾
Han & St. Jos..	....	32	31¾	31½	31¼	30¾
do pref......	....	41¼	39¾	39½	39¾	39¼
Union Pacific..	....	35¼	34½	35⅛	35¼	34½
Panama..... ...	....	116½	116¼	117	116¾	116⅜
St. L. & I. M..	....	64½	63½	65¼	62	....
Western UnTel	...	76¾	76⅜	76½	76⅜	75⅜
Quicksilver.....	....	33¾	33	34	33	32¼
do pref....	....	38¾	38	38	38¼	36½
Pacific Mail.....	....	42⅜	42¼	42⅜	42¾	41½
Adams Express	....	97	97	97	97	....
American Ex...	....	64¼	64⅜	64¼	64¾	77¼
U. S. Ex.........	....	72¾	72½	71¾	72	72
Wells, FargoEx	....	78	76¾	78	78	77

Foreign Exchange.—The market has been dull as usual of late, but prices were maintained at 4.83¼@4.84 for 60 days' bills on London, and 4.87@4.87½ for 3 days' bills.

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THE SAND-BLAST.

THIS curious mechanical process was, we believe, first exhibited at the fair of the American Institute, in this city, a number of years ago. The main object of the process is to engrave devices clearly, sharply, and expeditiously on glass, stone, and metallic surfaces. The invention applies chiefly to intaglio and flat-relief engraving. It is based on the fact that when glass, stone, or metal is subjected to the impact of a blast of sand, the exposed surface is rapidly worn away.

The Popular Science Review, in mentioning some recent experiments on this process, says that, although the sand-blast acts with energy upon hard or brittle surfaces, it has little or no effect upon elastic and soft substances, such as india-rubber, wax, paper and lace, and it is upon such substances, therefore, that reliance is placed for protecting those parts of the surface which it is not desired to act upon. Thus, a piece of lace spread over and cemented to a sheet of glass will so effectually protect the glass when exposed to the sand-blast, that the threads of the network will, after a few seconds' exposure, be imitated on the glass by bright interlacing lines, while the rest of the glass surface will be reduced to a ground or frosted state. The efficacy of the blast depends upon its velocity. The sand may be propelled either by steam, water, or air; but steam is generally preferred where high velocities are required. When a large quantity of material is to be removed, as in the ornamenting of stone, a steam-jet of from sixty to eighty pounds pressure is used. In this case the stencil is made of iron or rubber; but when a small quantity of material is to be worn away, or the surface merely depolished, as in ornamenting glass, a jet of air of from one-tenth to one pound pressure is preferred. With a low pressure, soft and delicate substances, such as paper designs, lace and leaves, may be used.

With a steam-jet using two horse-power of steam at seventy pounds pressure, and one pint of sand, two cubic inches of granite, four cubic inches of marble, or ten cubic inches of sandstone may be cut away per minute. Flat or curved substances may be alike acted on by this process, the blast being always perpendicular to the exposed surface. This process may also be used for cutting grooves in quarries and tunnels, for dressing stone, for cutting stone in lathe, for cleaning scale from metals, for graining lithographic zinc, and for producing pictures, any variety of design, and even the most delicate line engravings.

The Popular Science Monthly says that, at a recent meeting of the British Microscopical Society, Mr. Wenham exhibited a piece of glass ground by this process, which, under the microscope, presented a very different appearance from common ground glass. It is found that the glass or other material acted upon is not ground away at all, but broken up by a battering action similar to that of leaden bullets against a block of granite. Hence it is that, although by the usual grinding process, ordinary sea-sand can make no impression on corundum, a blast with a pressure of three hundred pounds to the square inch will perforate it in a short time. Even the diamond may thus be speedily worn away.

A polished glass surface, exposed for an instant to the sand-blast, shows an aggregation of points of impact, from which scales of fractured glass have broken away in an irregular radial direction. It appears as if a pellet of glass had been driven in by the collision of the sand, and the wedge-like action thus set up had driven away the surrounding glass. All these spots, when tested by the polariscope, show colored halos, proving that the surface is under strain, and ready to yield to further fracture. The action, therefore, is due not so much to the hardness of the striking particles as to the velocity of impact. This is sufficient to destroy the cohesion of the material operated upon. The external layer is carried against the under stratum, and the material is crushed and disintegrated by a portion of its own body.

TESTS FOR FAST COLORS.

THE following simple tests for the permanency of colors in cloth and glove-leather, which can be readily applied by persons who are not chemists, have been selected from a recently published work by Professor Stein, of Dresden. We are indebted for them to the *Journal of Applied Chemistry*.

Red.—A piece of the goods is first boiled in soap-water, which should remain colorless, or nearly so. Secondly, it is boiled in lime-water, which should be colored but little, if any, while the color of the goods must not grow paler, or become brown or yellow. These simple experiments suffice to indicate the presence or absence of camwood, archil, safflower, santel and the coal-tar colors.

Yellow.—The most permanent yellow is madder; the least so are Orleans and turmeric. Only those of the first class will stand washing. To test a yellow, it is first boiled in water, then in alcohol, and finally in lime-water. If the former are colored quite yellow, and the latter a reddish, while the stuff acquires a reddish-brown tint, the color is not fast.

Blue.—This color is not fast if, on boiling with alcohol, it gives to it a red, a violet-red, or a blue color; or if on warming it with muriatic acid and water or alcohol, the liquid turns red, or the goods turn red or brown-red.

Violet and Purple.—Madder violets and those formed by combining indigo-carmine with cochineal are fast. If fast colors are combined with fugitive colors they lose their value. All violets are to be considered poor if they give up a considerable amount of color when boiled in equal parts of water and alcohol, and allowed to stand ten or fifteen minutes. Also, if they change to a brown or reddish-brown by boiling in dilute muriatic acid.

Orange.—The goods are first boiled in water; if this is colored the colors are fugitive. If the water remains colorless, the sample is next boiled with alcohol, to which it should give no color.

Green.—Dilute alcohol should not be colored blue, green or yellow when boiled with the goods, nor should muriatic acid acquire a red or blue color.

Browns.—These colors are not so easily tested. If, however, they give a red color to water, or a yellow color to alcohol, they may be considered fugitive.

Black.—If, on boiling the goods in water containing some muriatic acid, it only imparts a yellow color to the liquid, the color is fast. If, on the other hand, the liquid acquires a red color, and the stuff turns brown or reddish-brown, the dye is not permanent, but nearly worthless.

Publisher's Department.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1874.

EXPIRATIONS.—LOOK AT THE PRINTED LABEL ON YOUR PAPER; THE DATE THEREON SHOWS WHEN THE SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES. FORWARD THE MONEY FOR RENEWAL AT LEAST TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

LOOK OUT FOR STOPPAGES!

Renew immediately, and don't run the risk of having your name taken off, and your paper stopped while your own tardiness has made the delay needed to get your name on again! Don't wait to have your paper stopped. RENEW NOW!

OUR PAPER.

THE letters which keep coming in upon us day after day, praising the *Christian Union*, and paying all manner of hearty and appreciative compliments both to our premium pictures and to the paper, are very grateful to those who labor week after week and day after day to keep it up to a high standard of excellence.

For the lovers of a pure and wholesome fiction, there is provided Edward Eggleston's masterpiece, "The Circuit Rider," which is an admirable story admirably told, and enforcing a grand lesson After it, will come Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, with her always charming style and fascinating narrative, in her new work, "We and our Neighbors."

But these are salient and obvious points. We wonder if the readers of the *Christian Union* ever stop to realize the succession of first-class writers who cater for their interest, instruction, and amusement. Take a look at these names, just for curiosity, from among recent contributors to this paper, and see if the list can be surpassed by that of the contributers to *any* periodical—daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly. We except none in the challenge:

Henry Allon, (*Editor British Quarterly Review*), Louisa M. Alcott, Lyman Abbott, Henry Ward Beecher, Elihu Burritt, Leonard Bacon, LL.D., Edward Beecher, D.D., Celia Burleigh, Chas. L. Brace, Catharine E. Beecher, Leonard Woolsey Bacon, Selma Borg, Amelia E. Barr, Thomas K. Beecher, Rose Terry Cooke, James Freeman Clarke, J. Leonard Corning, Mary Mapes Dodge, N. S. Dodge, J. W. De Forest, Edward Eggleston, Prof. George P. Fisher, (Yale), James T. Fields, Emily Faithfull, William Lloyd Garrison, Grace Greenwood, Robertson Gray, Howard Glyndon, Mrs. R. S. Greenough, Washington Gladden, "H. H.," Edward Everett Hale, Gail Hamilton, John Hay, Eleanor Kirk, Augusta Larned, Prof. Tayler Lewis, Louise Chandler Moulton, Kate Putnam Osgood, Pres. Noah Porter, (Yale), Abby Sage Richardson, Mrs. L. G. Runkle, R. W. Raymond, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Margaret E. Sangster, Jane G. Swisshelm, Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, LL.D. (Berlin), Celia Thaxter, Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., H. Clay Trumbull, Charles Dudley Warner, John G. Whittier, Prof. E. L. Youmans, etc., etc. It will be difficult to recall many names eminent in American literature, who write for periodicals at all, not contributors to these columns.

It is now more than a year since the *Nation* said of the *Christian Union* that it was "not only the ablest and the best, but also the most popular, of American religious journals." Since then the paper has steadily improved, and no pains will be spared to make it better and better—for we have no idea that we have yet reached "the ideal!"

What the *Christian Union* aims to become is—the *best possible Family Journal.*

VOX POPULI.

PITTSFIELD, Me., *Jan.* 23, 1874.

J. B. FORD & Co.:

We were glad to welcome the little boys, and we think them lovely. Many thanks.

I can truly speak in praise of the *Christian Union* to my friends, and the sweet child-faces speak for themselves. If I can induce any one to subscribe for your paper I shall gladly do so, for it would prove a pleasure and a benefit in any home.

Very respectfully, ——.

CASSADAGA, N.Y., *Feb.* 14, 1874.

TO THE CHRISTIAN UNION:

The "Boys" have come! I went through fiery trials for them. I wanted the *Union*—I wanted the pictures—I had but one dollar—meditated upon it—concluded to borrow of the children with the promise to pay. Borrowed 35 cents of one, 45 of another, a dollar and sixty of another; it lacked 10 cents. My husband supplied that, and the money was started. Then the children gathered all the rags and old papers in sacks and weighed them—a hundred pounds, calculating 3 cents per pound, 3 dollars. My spirits rose. They carried them to a paper mill, but could only get 2 cents cash—2 dollars; was in despair. Remembered a neighbor owed 27 cents (if I can ever get it), and my youngest daughter gave me the rest, so was not obliged to take the "Bankrupt Law."

May you prosper and get hosts of subscribers! ——.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *Jan.* 23, 1874.

J. B. FORD & Co.:

Many thanks for your beautiful chromo, "The Lord is Risen," received yesterday with *Plymouth Pulpit*. As I had never before seen it I was much gratified and withal surprised at its purity of design and beauty. It surpassed my expectations, and I shall hasten to frame it, which will be much of an improvement, of course. Once more, thanks for your kindness. ——.

OSHAWA, ONT., CANADA, *Dec.* 27, 1873.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, *Editor Christian Union:*

My Dear Sir: I have given one of the Canadian agents for your "Weekly" my subscription for the coming year. . . .

Allow me to say, from personal knowledge of the matter, that your valuable paper is becoming more and more appreciated every year in this Dominion; and to say also, for myself, that I esteem it as a useful, entertaining, and instructive messenger, the approach of which I look forward to with great pleasure, and the perusal of which gives me every satisfaction. I am, very respectfully, yours, etc., ——.

CANVASSING FOR THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

BY way of showing how our agents are doing, we print part of a letter addressed a short time since to Mr. Geo. S. Hulbert, Manager of our *Southern office*, at Cincinnati, O., by one of his canvassers. He says:

"I have taken up canvassing for the *Christian Union* as a new business. The result of the experiment is as follows:

"I canvassed the first day 3 hours, and took 9 subscriptions. The second day, 4 hours and took 21. The third day, 2 hours and took 22. The fourth day, 4 hours and took 14. The fifth day, 3 hours and took 8. The sixth day, 4 hours and took 15.

"Total number of hours, 20; total subscriptions, 99. I have also taken orders for frames from 77 of the 99 subscribers.

"I am getting *warmed up* and will soon see what can be done. Respectfully, J. B. G."

Then Mr. Hulbert adds:

"He has taken 200 subscriptions, and cleared $210.00 during the first four weeks."

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

"OUR BOYS; OR, THE DINNER, AND THE NAP."

THESE are two new and original pictures, painted expressly for the subscribers to the *Christian Union*, by Mrs. S. ANDERSON, whose mother-heart and artist-hand have brightened so many American homes with those charming Baby-Heads now called

"*Our Girls; or, Wide Awake, and Fast Asleep.*"

Either pair of these elegant Picture Premiums *will be presented to every annual subscriber to the Christian Union.* (Subscription price $3.) Or the four pictures will be presented *to every subscriber for Two Years.* The additional price for *mounting* and *free delivery* to the subscriber will be 50 cents for each pair.

"THE LORD IS RISEN:"

A Beautiful Cross and Flower Piece.

This is *presented to every annual subscriber to Plymouth Pulpit.* (Size 11½x16½ inches. Selling price in art-stores $5.) The subscription price of *Plymouth Pulpit* is $3. The additional price for *mounting* and *free delivery* of the premium picture to the subscriber is 35 cents.

RECAPITULATION OF PRICES.

You can get these Pictures by subscribing as follows:

1. EITHER pair, mounted, will be DELIVERED with the *Christian Union* for *one year* at..... $3 50
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4. EITHER pair, mounted, and *Plymouth Pulpit* Premium mounted, will be DELIVERED with the *Christian Union* and *Plymouth Pulpit*, each for *one year* at..... 6 60
5. BOTH pairs, mounted, and *Plymouth Pulpit* Premium, mounted, will be DELIVERED with the *Christian Union* for *two years*, and *Plymouth Pulpit* for *one year*, at..... 10 00